Sports Illustrated
MARCH 7, 1966 35 CENTS

THE BARON OF BASKETBALL
KENTUCKY'S ADOLPH RUPP





So you chose a Six for your Mustang! Congratulations.

Now don't forget to wave when you pass your gas station...

(someday you might have a flat)

You're behind the wheel of one of the snappiest, brightest, best-looking, common sense cars in the world today. Mustang with its big, hot 200-cu. in. Six.

This Mustang makes gas economy standard . . . is real bright about adjusting its own brakes . . . is dead right about not making unnecessary trips for routine maintenance (just about every 6000 miles or 6 months is enough) And it maneuvers easily into tight parking spots.

Nobody will deny you're driving one of the most dashing cars around. With no-cost treppings like bucket seats. Floor-mounted, fully synchronized, 3-speed shift. Vinyl trim. Door-to-door carpeting.

That's your basic Mustang . . . dash plus savvy. You can add many, many more options for extra dash. Say, that's you, isn't it? Aren't you glad you took the time for a test drive at your Ford Dealer's!



MUSTANG

A PRODUCT OF Ford

DU PONT



Whatever your position...over-the-calf socks are better for business

Over-the-calf socks go up over the calf. And stay there. Comfortably. Without garters. Without doubt. No more unkempt show of shin. (A look that undermines the most impeccably tailored suit.) Whether you're a V. P. or a hope-to-be—over-the-calf socks are a step in the right direction. As for styles and colors, you'll find them all in Du Pont fibers. **ANTRON* nylon, ORLON* acrylic, DACRON* polyester, Du Pont nylon, LYCRA* spandex.**



*Du Pont [illegible]



Why do dinner parties go better with a Taylor Wine?

A wine that pleases, sip after sip, makes any dinner a gay and gracious affair.

A wine with flavor like Taylor's

The kind of flavor you get only when you create a wine slowly, naturally.

Only when we're sure our dinner wines have reached the peak of natural flavor and care can do no more, do we bottle them.

For your guests' pleasure.

And yours.

If it's a Taylor Wine, you'll love it.



The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., creators of fine wines, champagnes and vermouths Vineyards and Winery, Hammondsport, N.Y.

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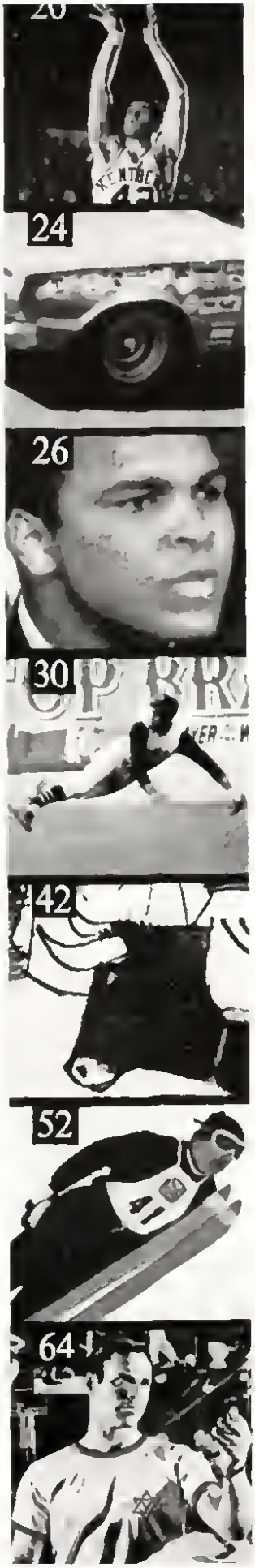
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Next week

THE NCAA PREVIEW analyzes the chances of all 23 teams in the big tournament to decide basketball's national champion, with a chart for recording each game's results.

THE BABY HEAVYWEIGHTS are here and, no matter who wins, boxing is sure to profit. Tex Maule reports on an unusual group ready to fight it out in Madison Square Garden.

A GRAND FISHING DAY it was on the Kerry coast, but the night was miserable—thanks to Martin Flannery and his high-spirited companion, a 15-year-old named John Jameson.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

We do not offer it as a sign of unusual dedication to duty—after all, be was trying to win $50,000 at the same time—but one of our writers was attacked by bees in South Africa last week. The victim, as you may have guessed, was regular contributor Jack Nicklaus, who on page 48 tells you what to worry about on the first tee, a list to which you may now add bees. Nicklaus was playing in a big-money exhibition series at Pretoria with Gary Player when both golfers and gallery were stung. A kind woman daubed wet mud on the smarting Nicklaus forehead to ease the pain. "Are you sure this will work, lady?" Nicklaus asked. It did, which makes it the day's best golf tip.

But the anguisb of our man Nicklaus turns out to be just one of the many reminders around here that at last it is the first of March, snow is getting mushy on the fairways and a great number of our readers in northern climes are surely joining me in a case of the got-to-get-golfing sweats. Perhaps it will ease the waiting—or maybe just tempt you more—if you are told what has been happening here the last few days concerning golf stories that we will be offering you soon.

The bees that stung Nicklaus missed a chance at our writer John Underwood, but by only one day. He had just left South Africa after spending two weeks with Gary Player, whom he found arranging a native war dance and stocking a pond on his farm with trout in anticipation of the Nicklaus visit. Underwood's story on Player at home is coming soon, and even before that we will present Player's own story—an instructional advising you not to try to hit the ball like Nicklaus.



BEE-BESET NICKLAUS TAKES COVER

Meanwhile, the other afternoon I found Managing Editor Andre Laguerre walking the hall wearing the famous green coat of a Masters champion. We needed the coat for the forthcoming Masters preview cover, and a provocative preview it will be, I promise you. Masters officials hesitated, but loaned us the coat after mentioning that never before had such a garment left Augusta, except in the hands of a club member or a Masters champion. The one they sent us, by the way, would fit Nicklaus, which is something for hunch bettors to think about. We have fondled the coat and, regretfully, returned it.

Almost as the coat was going down one hall, Ken Venturi was coming up another to look at four-foot-long scale models of some of his favorite golf holes at San Francisco's Olympic Country Club. Sitting down like a general at a war table, Venturi explained the complex strategy that each hole demanded, and his analysis will be part of our U.S. Open preview this June.

Then there is the story Dan Jenkins is writing about the glory days when pro golf was played by the nonaffluent society, back when Jimmy Demaret lost his car shooting pool in Juarez and had to ride a freight to the L.A. Open; and another by George Plimpton, who will tell you what happened when we sent him to play on the tour for three weeks (yes, he did hit a ball into a Palm Springs swimming pool); and a report on how it feels to play in the U.S. Open if you are a part-time druggist from Indiana; and. . . . But that's enough for now. Time to close the door and get to work. Thank goodness there is enough room in my office to take a full backswing.

Gary Valk

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THE TIGER PAW "OFF THE LINE" TEST.



What happened when we popped the clutch at 2400 rpm's.

The place U.S. Royal's high-speed test track in Laredo, Texas.

The occasion: a ¼-mile acceleration test, to see how the Tiger Paw™ stacks up against four other high-performance street tires.

The car: one of Detroit's hottest. Completely set up with three 2-barrel carburetors. A 4-speed box. Limited slip differential. The whole gutsy works.

Before we actually began, our driver made a few dry runs to see how many rpm's would best get him off the line. 2400 turned out to be the magic number.

Then, the fireworks started.

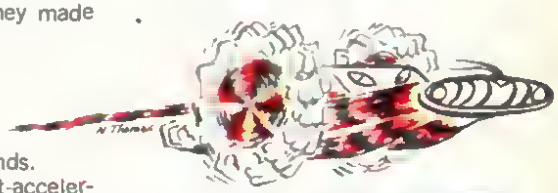
We ran each set of tires (inflated 24 lbs., by the way) through the ¼ mile, starting at 2400 rpm's and shifting at 5500. Here's how they made out.

Tire A: 16.0 seconds.
Tire B: 16.0 seconds.
Tire C: 15.8 seconds.
Tire D: 15.6 seconds.
The Tiger Paw: 15.4 seconds.

Okay, so the Tiger Paw out-accelerated those other high-performance tires. But how does it corner? How does it handle in the rain? How does it brake? How does it stand up at ultra-high sustained speeds?

You really want to know?

Keep reading our ads.



U.S. ROYAL UNIROYAL U.S. RUBBER

LOOK WHAT'S NEW FROM



NOW YOU CAN OWN A CHRYSLER BOAT—A CHRYSLER OUTBOARD —A CHRYSLER I/O OR INBOARD ENGINE . . . EVEN A CHRYSLER BOAT TRAILER . . . AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF REASONS YOU SHOULO!

If you're boat-minded (and who isn't!), here's terrific news. The Chrysler Crew has taken to the water, bringing you the greatest line of boats, outboards and engines ever floated. And every one of them is backed by the Chrysler name and reputation for fine products you know and trust.

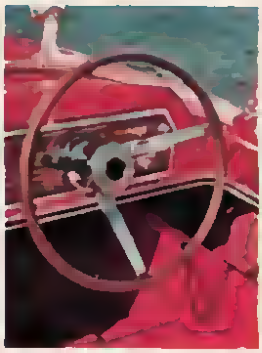
Boats? Chrysler's Lone Ster line offers nineteen beauties. Sporty runabouts and luxury cruisers, from 12 to 24 feet, in marine aluminum or fiberglass with a variety of hulls designed for speed, meneuverability and safety. Sailboats? Two sloop-rigged 13 and 16 footers, designed for fun and racing. Fishing boats? Six different models—one ideal for you.

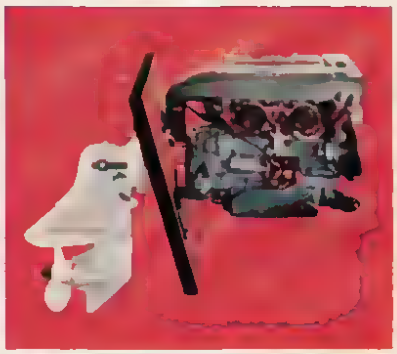
Chrysler Outboards in gleeming white and gold give you both style and power. Horsepower ratings from 3.5 up to e mighty 105, with 21 different models to choose from. Many electric-start models, including Chrysler's brand-new 9.2- and 20-hp Autolectrics. Other horsepower ratings: 6, 35, 45, 50 and 75.

Chrysler Inboards and Inboard-Outdrives offer you an unexcelled choice of power. I O's begin with the spectacular new Chrysler 80, range up through 110, 145, 150, 175, 190 and 210 hp., to the mighty Chrysler

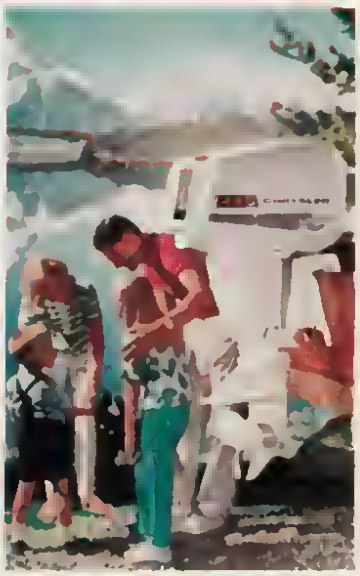
THE CHRYSLER CREW!















Fury 235 Eleven models in all. Rugged, dependable inboards include ten horsepower ratings, from 125 to 325 hp, backed by 38 years of Chrysler know-how

Whether it's a boat, outboard, I/O, or an inboard engine, if it's built by Chrysler, it's BUILT. And you can get a *boat trailer* that matches the boat and helps keep it young.

Don't go near the water without looking at what the Chrysler Crew has for you. See your Chrysler Boat, Outboard or Marine Engine Dealer, today! He's in the Yellow Pages.

MARINE PRODUCTS GROUP CHRYSLER CORPORATION

CHRYSLER MARINE PRODUCTS—BOATS, TRAILERS, OUTBOARDS, INBOARDS AND INBOARD OUTDRIVES

Come join the move-ahead world of Mercury.

Move ahead with the luxury of a Mercury—in the Lincoln Continental tradition. Mercury's pure, classic lines make it the one distinctive car in its field. Its effortless power gives you complete authority on the road. The ride is quiet and solid—the finest this side of the Continental. All told, there are 17 Mercurys—each an exciting way to move ahead.





LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

The move-ahead world of Mercury beckons you with the lures of newness, power, elegance and excitement.

Move ahead with a big, new-generation Comet. A bigger, wider Comet. With new fire and spirited luxury in 13 roomier models. Above, in cardinal red, you see one of our absolute thrillers. The Comet Cyclone. A new kind of driving machine for action-lovers. Has buckets, floor shift and console. Order it with a 390 cu. in. V-8...built-in air conditioning . the works! And, then, just feel how this Comet turns you on. Need more proof that Mercury makes the right moves? Come see your Mercury dealer.

Ford

the move-ahead cars from Mercury

Remember what a good deal GI insurance was?

You couldn't beat GI insurance. If you were in the service, you were able to get a $10,000 life insurance policy for practically peanuts. (Uncle Sam was picking up part of the tab.)

Where can a civilian get that kind of deal today?

Not from us. Not from any insurance company. None of us can match the deal Uncle Sam handed out.

But we can give you the next best deal.

Let's say you're a 32-year-old married man with a couple of kids. On your income, you can't afford to put a lot of money into insurance right now, but you can't afford to be without a lot of protection right now, either.

Well, we can give you $30,000 worth of decreasing term insurance for not even $10 a month.



Well, we've got the next best thing.

This is our 20-year decreasing term policy, perhaps the most flexible term insurance policy ever developed. It has a slew of options built into it. That way, as your needs change, your policy can change.

It isn't accidental that Occidental has the best term insurance policies in the business. We grew up on the stuff.

We've sold enough term insurance (as well as other life insurance) to help make us the 9th largest life insurance company in the country.

If you've been kicking yourself for dropping your GI term insurance (or were never eligible for it) Occidental term insurance could well be your best bet.

Find out more about it. Write Occidental Center, Dept. S1, Los Angeles 54, California.

Or call an Occidental agent or any insurance man who sells our term policies. There's a small army of them stationed all over the country.

Occidental Life
of California



What's a nice-looking car like you doing in a Volkswagen ad?

Nobody made a mistake. That shapely car is the new Volkswagen Fastback.

It's in this VW ad because it's a VW.

(We haven't made very many yet, so you probably haven't even seen one yet. That's why we're running this ad in the first place.)

The Fastback isn't a VW in name only; it's a Volkswagen through and through.

The engine is air-cooled so it has no use for water or antifreeze. And it's in the back to make the going easy when the weather isn't.

The Fastback is airtight, like all Volkswagens, because it's made in the same plant by the same people.

Naturally, there are differences, too.

The Fastback engine is a little more powerful (the car will cruise at better than 80). It holds 5 nicely. It has disc brakes in front. The upholstery is (for us) kind of jazzy. And it (the Fastback) costs $2128.*

If you've steered clear of a Volkswagen because it wasn't big enough or good-looking enough or expensive enough, you may be forced into thinking it all over again.

Sorry.

©Volkswagen of America, Inc. *Suggested Retail Price, East Coast P.O.E. Local Taxes and Other Dealer Delivery Charges, if Any, Additional. Whitewalls Optional at Extra Cost

SCORECARD

THE CASE FOR KEEPING

"We see that we can corrupt and destroy our lands, our rivers, our forests and the atmosphere itself—all in the name of progress and necessity. . . . We see that there is another course. . . . Despite all of our wealth and knowledge, we cannot create a redwood forest, a wild river, or a gleaming seashore. But we can keep those we have."

Thus Lyndon Johnson to Congress last week in a special message on conservation. Ever the Southwesterner appreciative of water, the President emphasized the noxious condition of our rivers. "Every river system in America [suffers] some degree of pollution," he somberly admitted, then proposed a massive program to free "all of America's rivers"—repeat, *all*—from pollution. He proposed the creation of eight new national recreation areas, support of hiking trails, preservation of historic sites and passage of the Wild Rivers bill. A badly located and undersized Redwood National Park mars the program; otherwise, the President took the words right out of our mouth.

K&D

There they are, Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale, teamed up to ask the Dodgers for equal three-year contracts totaling $1 million, or $166,000 apiece per year. General Manager Buzzie Bavasi refuses to listen to their demands. "There are 38 other players on this club that are just as important to me," Bavasi says. Walter O'Malley coyly adds, "I wish the boys well. They are entitled to get everything they can get out of Buzzie. Their problem is what Buzzie can get out of me."

What are K&D really worth to the Dodgers? In terms of standings, the Dodgers are world champs with them, second-division bums without them and their 49 wins. A second-division finish means at least a 300,000 attendance drop, and at $4.50 per fan that is a loss of $1.35 million. What's more, Koufax draws an extra 10,000 fans when he pitches, and he starts 20 times at home. So there is another $900,000, making the total loss $2.25 million, not counting road receipts.

Walter, give Buzzie the money.

PLAYING IT COOL?

Do pro football players want to join the Teamsters Union? Tackle Bob St. Clair, recently retired from the 49ers, says yes. "It's unfair to ask players what they think of joining," St. Clair says. "They know management wouldn't approve of the Teamsters, so they play it cool and tell reporters everything is fine the way it is. The union would be invaluable when it comes to pensions. And it would give disabled players better protection. Pro football has never taken care of the cripples, those guys who go around with trick knees and pulled tendons. Look at me. I suffered torn Achilles tendons in both heels. I must be 25% disabled. All I'll get is a pension when I reach 65. If we had a union, I'm sure disabled guys like me would be getting compensation."

KICKS

Football Coach Dave Nelson of Delaware is one of the superior strategists of the college game. Other coaches seek him out the way market investors used to sidle up to Bernard Baruch. Nelson, secretary of the NCAA Football Rules Committee, would like to restore excitement to the punt return. He says fans rarely get a boot out of a return nowadays, because of the way a kicking team lines up in a spread so players can rip downfield to cover the ball. Moreover, the receiving team will not field a punt headed for the end zone, preferring a safe touchback and possession on the 20. "This," says Nelson, "is a nothing maneuver that puts people to sleep."

To put the kick back in punt returns, Nelson makes two suggestions: "One, forbid the punting team to cross the scrimmage line until the ball does. Two, limit the depth of the punter's position to 10 yards."

Nelson points out that punters now are kicking from 13 and 15 yards back. "With a punter only 10 yards back," he says, "the kicking team would be reluctant to spread its formation and go down under the ball, because the team would need more players to protect the kicker. At the same time, the receiving team couldn't stack the line to rush the punter, because it would become vulnerable to a surprise run or pass."

To fans weary of the fair catch or the sight of a punt bounding into the end zone, Nelson's suggestions make sense.

THE LEARNING POOL

Take our word for it, there is a Beige and Blue Pool Hall in Santa Cruz, Calif., and it woos village youth with a promotion unprecedented in the annals of hustling. It offers two free games for every A on a student's report card and one free game for every B. C, presumably, rhymes with T, and that stands for trouble. Professor Harold Hill was lucky he didn't encounter a poolroom like this when he hit River City in 1912.

SNAKE BIT

One of the axioms of the modern outdoors is that anyone bitten by a poisonous snake should never take liquor. Well, apparently it all depends on the kind consumed. So says Dr. Herbert L. Stahnke,



professor of zoology at Arizona State University, who has been mucking about in his lab with rats and Scotch and hypodermic needles. The doctor injected rats with venom and then gave them half-ounce doses of liquor. What did he find? That Scotch and vodka significantly lowered the number of deaths, where-

continued





as tequila and brandy increased the effect of the venom. Does Dr. Stahnke have any other observations to report? Yes, he does. "The rats got pretty stoned," he says.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE . . .

Considerable indignation is being voiced in English angling circles over a recent American claim to have produced a maggot twice the size of any of Albion's. Maggot-producers, working under such impressive names as The Omega Maggot Factory, contend that the American creature, large though it may be, is no more than a common mealworm and is nothing like as attractive to fish.

Maggot-breeding in England is not a matter of hanging up any old meat and letting the flies get at it. The best maggots are fed on liver and bred from carefully selected strains of bluebottles. Thousands of fly generations have been carefully nurtured and ruthlessly culled to produce a master race, the English say.

There is more than a suspicion that some unscrupulous Americans would like to cash in on English know-how. Wilf Moore, doyen of Coventry maggotmen, says firmly: "They're not having my secrets. We showed them how to make penicillin and the atom bomb. We cannot be expected to tell them how to rear maggots."

WHITE FLAG

A trademark of Utah basketball Coach Jack Gardner is a white handkerchief—he waves it at his players to suggest a time-out. In a recent game at Arizona, Gardner had special reason to signal—his team was three points behind and there was little time left. He waved, frantically. "Look, Daddy," a small boy near the press section was heard to say, "the Utah coach is surrendering."

ANGRY MAN

Bill Russell recently accepted a Philadelphia Sports Writers award as "the outstanding athlete of 1965" and then questioned the pure athletic ability of other pro athletes. Russell said he or Wilt Chamberlain could "play football players, baseball players, anybody, in a sport that neither of us is paid for playing, and we'll beat them."

What provokes Russell to such ancient taproom argument is his conviction that the Boston Celtics in general

continued



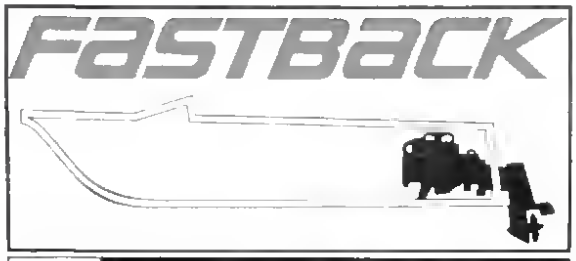
Upsy Daisy!
(Pontiac's adjustable steering wheel)

The '66 Pontiac's Tilt Steering Wheel gives you your 'choice' of the steering wheel that fits *your* body build. Lift the lever at the side of the steering column, and you can tilt the wheel up or tilt the wheel down. Move it up to the position that gives you plenty of room for long arms and legs. Move it down for over-the-wheel "20-20" vision and no-strain arm reach. ■ Pontiac's Tilt Steering Wheel is made to order for long highway trips, too Just occasionally readjust the wheel while driving and you keep your muscles limber, relaxed and cramp-free. Move the wheel all the way up and you can get into and out of the car smoothly and easily. Ask your Pontiac Dealer for a demonstration. ■ *The Tilt Steering Wheel is made by Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corporation, Saginaw, Michigan.*



CHICAGO NATIONAL
BOAT, TRAVEL & OUTDOOR SHOW

MARCH 5th Through March 13th
McCormick Place
Space 432



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and Russell in particular have never received proper national recognition. "We won the NBA title seven years in a row," says Russell, "but we never were named 'Team of the Year.' Ridiculous. It's about time they recognized the worth of basketball players as athletes. Take that Hickok Award [pro athlete of the year]. It's the biggest joke in sports. It never goes to a basketball player. And nobody's going to tell me that he [Sandy Koufax, the recipient for 1965] is a better athlete than me or Wilt Chamberlain."

LOGIC

Assemblyman David Friedland has introduced a bill to designate the chimney swallow rather than the eastern goldfinch as the official New Jersey state bird. "It has become apparent," said Friedland, "that the goldfinch is simply not equipped emotionally or physically to cope with the rising rate of industrial air pollution. On the other hand, our state is blessed with an abundant number of hale and hearty chimney swallows. These brave birds . . . appear to thrive upon polluted air."

THE TRUANT HERO

Surfer Paul Murray, 18, all-round good guy and star halfback at North Salinas High School, pulled a drowning clam digger out of the Pacific at Moss Landing, Calif. not long ago. Murray became a hero. His picture and a big story appeared in the Salinas *Californian*. A special Paul Murray Day was planned at school.

But then one North Salinas teacher got to pondering the fact that the rescue was made on a Thursday, a school day. It developed that Paul was absent from school "because of a strep throat." Hero Murray has been suspended from school temporarily for falsifying a reason for absence. Paul Murray Day has been deferred. "Suspension is automatic in such cases," explained Vice-Principal David Weakly, weakly.

OIG YOU LATER

Mock battles between Yanks and Rebs staged by Civil War buffs are colorful extravaganzas of bands, uniforms and weapons, almost as real as life. Sometimes just as real, says William Hater Jr. Hater claims, in a suit filed in Common Pleas Court in Cincinnati, that he was wounded in a battle reenactment. Hater wasn't even a combatant. He was part of

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a singing group providing musical background for a battle at Camp Friedlander, Ohio.

Without warning, he charged, and without provocation—save perhaps the strains of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* then rolling across the battleground—the Second Kentucky Cavalry wheeled its cannon and discharged a (fireworks) volley into the noncombatants. The suit asserts that the swollen, stiff and painful condition of one scorched hand prevents Mr. Hater from returning to his civilian employment, gravedigging.

MAVERICK

For four straight weeks otherwise unranked Dayton got one lone vote as the top basketball team in the country in the AP poll. That same voter cast undefeated Kentucky down as far as fourth place. Some southern poll watchers, acutely annoyed, cracked the AP's veil of secrecy to discover the culprit. He was Bill Jauss, a basketball writer for the *Chicago Daily News*. He admits he hasn't seen Kentucky play this year, but he remains skeptical of Kentucky's talent. "Five white kids and none of them over 6 feet 5," he says. "Forget it."

Angry protests and insulting phone calls have not fazed the 35-year-old Jauss. As an instructor in journalism at Northwestern University, he has assigned the class agnostics to report on a Sunday morning sermon, and his sports-hating girls to report on basketball games or wrestling matches, so he figures he is ready for anything in the way of back talk. When Loyola beat Dayton a fortnight ago, he nimbly switched horses to Loyola. He still likes Dayton, "But you can't take it away from a team [Loyola] that beats them on their home court." In this week's AP poll he ranks Loyola first, Dayton second, Duke third, Kentucky fourth.

THEY SAID IT

● Anthony Felice, World Boxing Association executive, asked if he thought professional boxing and wrestling should be governed by the same organization: "No, I think pro wrestling should be handled by the Theatre Guild."

● Paul Hornung, narrating in Chicago a film of a game between the Green Bay Packers and the Baltimore Colts: "There goes Taylor again. He was great in this game. If I didn't know better, I'd say he had money bet on it." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
MARCH 7, 1966

BRAVO FOR THE BARON

A new, mellow Adolph Rupp last week led his undefeated Kentucky Wildcats past Tennessee and into the hazardous role of favorite for an unprecedented fifth national collegiate basketball championship

by FRANK DEFORD

A governor cannot succeed himself in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and a horse can run only once in the Derby, but as long as Adolph Rupp is around the Bluegrass will never suffer from a lack of continuity. For 36 years, in a land of colonels, he has been the only Baron, a man of consummate pride and well-earned privilege. One might think that Adolph Rupp would be satisfied now to retire to his estate in the pleasant, rolling country outside Lexington, there to tend his prize Herefords and Burley tobacco, to rest amid his affluence and such souvenirs of glory as no other basketball coach ever has gathered. Instead, at the age of 64, he continues to pursue the only challenge left—trying to top himself. And that is some tough act to follow.

Rupp has won 743 games, 22 Southeastern Conference titles (the trophy shown with him on the cover represents one of these) and four NCAA national championships, as well as enough acclaim (and censure, too) to serve most men, barons and otherwise, for all their years. Yet his persistence in staying at his job has won him this year something more than just another trophy or a few fresh statistics. He is threatening to become the grand old man of basketball.

Nearly everywhere his undefeated, No. 1 team has played, in the old hellholes and new field houses throughout the South, where he has been hooted and despised for decades, Rupp has been accorded ovations of respect merely upon his appearance on the court. Though he does not admit it, he must sense his new status. Typical was the scene in Nashville four weeks ago after his Wildcats beat Vanderbilt, virtually assuring themselves a berth in the NCAA tournament and crushing the hopes of the home fans for a championship of their own. After shaking hands with the losing coach Rupp turned and, as the Vanderbilt partisans responded with applause for their conqueror, he threw an arm about Kentucky Forward Larry Conley, received Conley's arm around his shoulder in return, and together—beaming—they marched down the length of the court.

Everyone's explanation for Rupp's new phase is that he has mellowed. "That's what they're saying," he concedes, indicating nothing except that it is interesting, at least, to be called mellow after all those years of antonymous description. But then he moves on, into voluntary, eager praise for his team. "These boys are coachable," he says. "They listen and they do what they're supposed to. They're a pleasure and they're all regular. They are regular to the last man. It would be *mean* if they lost a game."

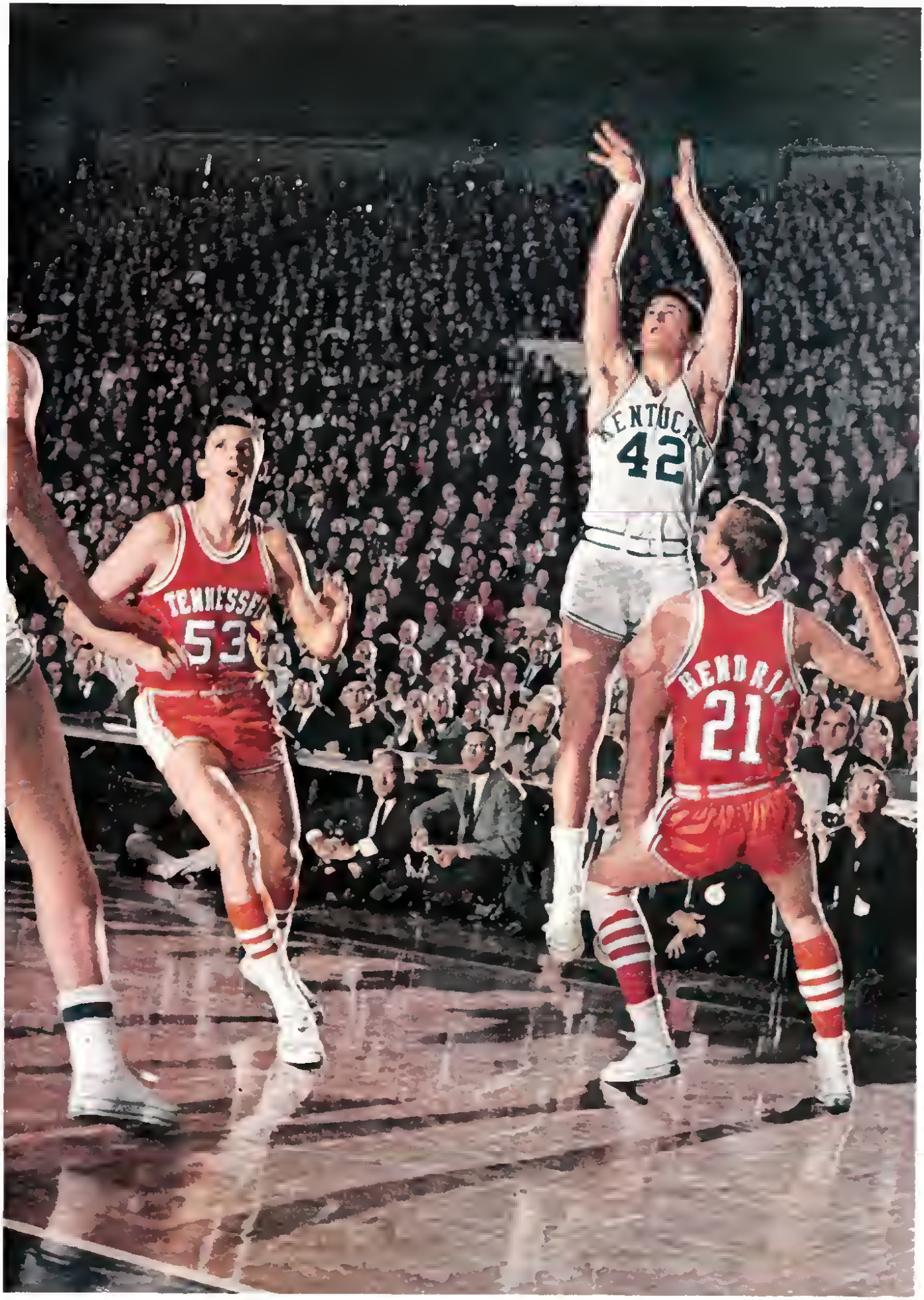
There has been a great deal of fuss in the commonwealth about the matter of finding a nickname for this team, in keeping with those that have distinguished former Wildcat clubs. Mrs. Mary Simmerman of Lexington even wrote to the paper insisting that all the players be commissioned, so that they could simply and rightfully be proclaimed "The Kentucky Colonels." Most suggestions have featured alliteration, and so far "Rupp's Runts" seems to be leading in popularity. Regardless of the final public choice, however, it is clear from his behavior that this is Rupp's favorite five.

Adolph's mellowing has had little effect on the famous Kentucky practices, those taut lessons in efficiency which the Baron and his assistants preside over, all dressed in outfits of starched khaki. But this year Rupp's sarcasm, which used to endanger sensitive eardrums, is being held to a minimum. And, off the court, the players, a remarkably intelligent and personable bunch, are accorded attention and solicitude that no other Rupp team has ever been granted. "The other day," says senior Guard Tommy Kron, "I heard him ask Conley what he was going to do after graduation. I never heard of that before. Coach Rupp always sort of found those things out. He

continued

Flipping a hook, key Kentuckian Larry Conley soars over Tennessee defenders last Saturday.


43
2


42
53
21

was interested, but there was never anything like that." The attitude is unanimously reciprocal, too. "I really want to win this thing for him," says junior Forward Pat Riley. "We all do. We're very close. It seems like we've all grown this year, and he's just grown into us."

Rupp gives Kron the hardest time on the practice floor ("Someday I'm going to write a book on how not to play basketball, and I'm going to devote the first 200 pages to you"), but the mellow Baron quickly takes over. The night before the Tennessee game last week the team met outside Rupp's office to receive encouragement from the cheerleaders. On behalf of the players Kron accepted a prize for "a special team, a special Kentucky team, something special." It was a decorated giant-size box of the cereal Special K.

Shortly afterward Rupp came by on his way home. "Now, Tommy," he said. "No courting tonight." Kron had been fighting a virus and had hardly been out of his room for the last three days. "Now, you get your rest," Rupp added.

"Well, I don't know if I can get to sleep, but I'll just lie there," Kron said.

"Well, then," Rupp replied, almost paternally by now, "you get a good supper." Then he saw the cereal box.

"The cheerleaders gave it to us," Kron explained, handing it to Rupp for inspection. "See—K, Special K, for Kentucky. Why don't you keep it, Coach?"

"No, it was meant for the team," Rupp said.

"No, sir, really, you take it. None of us could eat it anyway. I mean, you know, none of us have refrigerators." Rupp was examining the contents label. "It's full of proteins," Kron urged.

"Well, all right, Tommy. Thank you," Rupp said. And then, bidding everyone good night, he moved on, the cereal box with the big bow and the bright-blue ribbon around it clutched to his bosom. If the scene after the Vanderbilt game was surprising, this one was stunning, and also touching, to anyone familiar with Rupp's previous relations with his players.

The point has been made, often cynically, that it would be impossible for any coach not to warm up to a team that was 23–0 and had no academic or disciplinary problems. But the change in Rupp is not so easily explainable. "With us," says Alex Groza, All-America center on the "Fabulous Five" champs of the late '40s, "there was no joking, no laughing, no whistling, no singing, no nothing. Just basketball. When we traveled, for instance, he often communicated with us through the team manager." But there was one time this year, in Alabama, when Rupp positively enthralled some of the starters with an enchanting discourse about how his mother used to prepare fried chicken. On another occasion Louis Dampier, the little guard, came up to Rupp before practice and said blithely, "Hey, Coach, a professor told me a funny story about you today." Rupp was delighted. He asked to hear the tale, laughed throughout it and then told Dampier it was absolutely true.

At times this season Rupp has solicited and then used advice on strategy from his players. He did it at half time in the St. Louis game, when Kentucky led by only a basket. He has gone so far on some occasions as to ask the players if they approved of his strategy. There is virtually no precedent for this. "I can't ever remember us offering suggestions in a game," says Frank Ramsey, star of the undefeated 1953–54 team. "We did discuss things with him, but you have to remember that was a special situation. Since the NCAA suspension kept us out for that year, we could do nothing but practice, and three of us were five-year men. We'd known Coach Rupp for a long time."

One reason for the change in Rupp is his health. He has had trouble with his blood pressure for a decade. Last year he endured his worst record (15–10) and was physically debilitated as well. "Why, I'd just be sitting there dictating a letter, and in a third of a second I'd be all dizzy," he says. "Just to get on the floor was hard. I was breathing like a panther all the time." Often he was dopey from a variety of medications, and some observers thought he was falling into senility. This year Rupp is 20 pounds lighter, the blood pressure is down, the dizziness is gone and he has never felt better.

He knocks on wood when he says that. He knocks on wood with almost every optimistic statement he makes, a strange habit for a man who is so majestically self-assured. He is as vigorous and as cantankerous as he wants to be and positively delighted with all the new attention he is receiving. "I'm just *so* busy," he says. "Why, we have so much mail we had to hire another secretary." There always seems to be someone waiting in his outer office to see him, and he greets all visitors—the men with energy, the women with a genuine courtliness. It is obvious he is overjoyed that the world has come back to see Adolph Rupp once more. There are silver threads across the bald and a paunch of diminished but still impressive girth, but his outlook is so cheerful that he blanches at the thought of having to leave coaching.

"He's so loose now," says Harry Lancaster, Rupp's assistant and comrade for the last two decades. "I don't believe he's ever been so relaxed. I think this is important for this team, too. He's made it their ball club. He's given them the credit."

The credit has been earned, since this team was generally picked about third best in the SEC. Only one new starter, 6-foot-5 sophomore Center Thad Jaracz, has joined last year's unsuccessful quartet: Kron, the 6-foot-5 passing guard, Dampier, the 6-foot shooting guard, and the 6-foot-3 forwards, Conley, who passes, and Riley, who shoots and rebounds. That they have become the slickest basketball unit in the country is a metamorphosis at least as pronounced as that of their coach. "There was dissension on this team last year," Dampier says. "We were always bickering, and by the end of the season we knew we were holding onto the ball for ourselves instead of passing it."

The key to Kentucky is Conley, a frail and unusually perceptive young man who is that rarity, a playmaking forward. More accurately, he plays smart and is what the NCAA means when it uses the term "student-athlete." Conley leans toward becoming a dentist, but he majors in political science and has taken a curriculum that includes Russian, art, music and most anything else he thought might be interesting. "I came to college," he says, "thinking that I should make it as broadening, as enlightening an experience as I could." This year, applying that kind of reasoning to basketball, he has chosen—along with his roommate, Kron—to sacrifice his scoring in order to set up the underclassmen. In a typical game Saturday against Tennessee, he added six assists to his team-leading total, passing up at least a dozen respectable shots of

continued on page 60

Pat Riley fires for two of his 28 points. He is Kentucky's top scorer, strongest rebounder.

THE RETURN OF THE EXILE WAS RICH AND RACY

After a year of forced idleness Driver Richard Petty came rolling back in a blue brute of a Plymouth to win Daytona's stock car 500, delighting his racing father—but not Dearborn **by TOM C. BRODY**

The P. T. Barnum, Florenz Ziegfeld and Jack Warner of north Florida is a tall, bulky character named Bill France. He is the proprietor of the Daytona International Speedway and promoter of possibly the gaudiest weeks of automotive speed the world has known. Wheels start rolling for France in early February and do not stop until he has extracted the last dram of emotion from his annual stock car extravaganza, the Daytona 500, on the last Sunday of the month. France is happiest when he can stage a gut fight involving Detroit's Big Three, and on Sunday he had a natural: Plymouth, the 1964 champ, making a comeback after a year of exile, against Ford, last year's bristling winner. To a Southland wearied by a winter of spitting weather, the urge to see France's show was irresistible. Cars and panel trucks and campers clogged the highways into town, bringing 88,000 spectators—the largest sports audience in Florida history—and what they saw was swift retribution for Plymouth. In a race cut five miles short by rain, Richard Petty in his bright-blue 1966 took the checkered flag a full lap ahead of the second-place Ford. It was officially recorded that Petty had averaged 160 mph, or six miles an hour faster than ever before.

The weeks leading up to the race also belonged to Petty, who was first on the track and fastest all the way. "You're early, aren't you?" asked a reporter. "I'm a year late," he snapped, and then he went out and broke Paul Goldsmith's old qualifying record with a speed of 175.

The reason for Petty's testiness was France's ban on the Plymouth (and Dodge) hemi-head engine for the 1965 season, a maneuver which, in effect, gave Ford the gravy for the year and kept Richard inactive until recently, when the hemi engine was reinstated. France's edict had been based on the suspicion that you were not jolly likely to find a hemi at your neighborhood dealer's; while he would be the last to claim that the stockers are the exact twins of showroom cars, he gets cranky when people put out-and-out racing engines in them. Cranky some years, complacent in others, that is. The hemis ran legally in 1964.



Grinning in anticipation of 500 victory, Petty, 28, sits harnessed in his racing car.

In any case, Petty was making his daddy mighty happy as Daytona warmed up for the 500. Dad is Lee Petty, who personally tuned Richard's No. 43 hemi to perfection. He is a man who knows a thing or two about winning at Daytona. In 1959 he captured the first 500 on France's 2.5-mile speedway. In 1960 Lee went over the wall on the high-banked fourth turn. Gravely injured, he recovered but decided that preparing cars for Richard was a better way to make a living.

When Petty wasn't spreading panic in the Ford camp his Chrysler Corporation accomplices were—such experienced and hard-charging men as Paul Goldsmith, Jim Paschal and Jim Hurtubise in Plymouths, and Earl Balmer, David Pearson and Lee Roy Yarbrough in Dodges.

Ford countered with a 174-mph lap by Dick Hutcherson—a relatively ineffectual thrust, as things turned out. A. J. Foyt snapped into action in a trio of Fords, which all snapped back. Crusty as always, the famed Indy driver began by quarreling with the man providing him a ride, the equally tough Junior Johnson. Johnson, who has done much to spin the stuff of which folklore is made—racing the revenooers with his



Petty speeds along a Daytona straight in his hemi-head Plymouth. He led all qualifiers with a mark of 175 mph and won at a record pace.

pappy's hooch in the back seat and all that—was not in the 500 himself, but he was present, all right. By announcing right off that Bobby Isaac was his top driver, Johnson put Foyt into a blue rage. The first Johnson Ford given to Foyt obviously was not going to win any races. The second went even slower. In the third A. J. was still going nowhere.

Nowhere was also the destination of a couple of nifty-looking Chevrolets. One was tuned for the Indy rookie of the year, Mario Andretti, by Smokey Yunick, the Daytona mechanic. Andretti took a tug on his seat harness, smiled at the crowd of young lovelies that always seems to gather around his cars and whizzed away—about four mph too slow to be competitive.

One of the gumdrops France tosses to the fans is a pair of 100-mile qualifying races on the Friday before the 500. Petty and Hutcherson had already gobbled up the choice lead spots for the big one, but the order of finish for the remaining drivers was important. A bad run Friday meant the back of the bus Sunday.

What turned up for Ford, not unexpectedly, was a black Friday. Goldsmith, who had been finding extra speed in his 1965 Plymouth (stuffed with a 1966 hemi engine) as the week went on, edged Petty at the finish line in the first race, but it was still a Plymouth-Plymouth runaway. In the second 100 Balmer, in a 1965 Dodge hemi, nipped Hurtubise's Plymouth. Hutcherson salvaging a little for Ford by bringing his 1966 in third. It was hang-bang-bang across the finish line with a little extracurricular bump thrown in as Hutcherson caromed off the wall just before the end.

"We knew they were fast," said Leo Beebe, head of Ford's racing program, "but, wow! No matter how you try to steel yourself for these things they still come at you like—well, like death. Sudden and unexpected."

Beebe, suspecting that Ford's old wedge engine would be devoured by the hemis, had tried to pull the biggest bluff of the season. He had simply announced that Ford would race a sizzling new overhead-camshaft engine, hoping that after last year's desultory competition France would simply look the other way. No such luck. France said absolutely not. Can't find those engines at *my* neighborhood dealer's.

"Well, we tried," said Beebe.

Under ugly skies on race day there was a new and curvier Miss Firebird for Daytona fans who like change, and the old Miss Firebird for those who do not (she showed up as Miss Hurst Golden Shifter). France touched off three cannon blasts to get the race going.

By the time France had finished firing off his cannon, Petty and Paul Goldsmith had sprinted out front in a private run for Plymouth. But suddenly, after 20 laps, Petty's left front tire began to smoke alarmingly and, while his crew was quick to put things right, it was a pit stop he could have done without. Just the day before, Fred Lorenzen, the 1965 winner for Ford, had been explaining how he could catch the faster Plymouth by making one less pit stop than anyone else, then sneaking in behind the really hot cars for a bit of drafting—and letting them do the work. And there, by golly, was the extra stop by the hottest driver of them all, and it came just minutes after the start. "A lot of crazy things can happen in 500 miles," Lorenzen had said with the conviction of a man who has not only read that story about the tortoise and the hare but believes it. Petty, who is not as well read, had other ideas. By the simple process of keeping his right foot pressed firmly on the floor, he was clobbering the field at the halfway point.

A Ford driven by Cale Yarborough finished second, and Lorenzen proved that he needed horsepower more than philosophy: he came in fourth behind David Pearson's Dodge. It was a melancholy group of Ford executives that huddled near the pits as the rains came. Richard Petty clambered out the window of his car, navigated a course between Miss Firebird and Miss Hurst Golden Shifter to embrace his dad, and accepted the winner's purse of $28,150 from France. It had been a reasonable haul, but it would seem like petty larceny before the year was out. **END**



THE WIND THAT BLEW IN CHICAGO

Cassius Clay was stage center as the Illinois commission reopened hearings on his fight with Ernie Terrell, but politicians (and 'patriots') were as much on trial as the champion

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

In boxing's simpler and more candidly larcenous days its inmates were motivated by honest avarice. But in the last few years the sport has undergone permutations that somehow have made it socially significant. First there was Patterson vs. Liston, an allegory of good vs. evil. Then along came Cassius Clay, whose socially significant contribution was the discovery of a truly unpopular cause. In the Black Muslims he had a cause so triumphantly unpopular that in an age sharply aware of racial divisions, most whites and Negroes could unite in loathing it—and in paying to see its proponent—hope! hope! hope!—knocked out. But last week Cassius began to learn a truism of social significance: it is possible for a man to become so nauseatingly unpopular that he will never get rich. At least not in Chicago.

Clay's immediate problem was the Illinois Athletic Commission, a less than august body suddenly caught up in swirling crosscurrents of subtleties concerning morality, legality and political expediency, not to mention 200% old-fashioned patriotism. Before the week was over the IAC began to look like the Three Stooges.

The troubles of the Illinois Athletic Commission started on February 8. That was the day the IAC decided to license the heavyweight championship fight between Clay and Ernie Terrell after New York had refused to bestow its blessings on the fight out of a conviction that Terrell's association with Bernard Glickman, longtime friend of Hoodlum Frankie Carbo, was still very much alive. Flying to the New York hearing, Terrell was said to have sat next to Glickman on the plane. The IAC, which thought it knew how to handle such situations, discreetly neglected to investigate the tie between Terrell and Glickman. It enthusiastically showered licenses on practically everybody in sight, without asking any embarrassing questions or, it later developed, taking a look at the state laws. Very Chicago, very very Chicago.

The fight was set for March 29 in the International Amphitheatre, and Ben Bentley, one of the two promoters of the match, happily began taking orders for tickets. (To Hugh Hefner, the man who publishes a magazine in his

Defying the commission, Clay refuses to back down on his printed draft statements.

pajamas: "You were down for six. Now you want to make it 10? Make the check for $1,000.") For a while everything went swimmingly. But then the Selective Service System changed Clay's status to 1-A and Cassius began talking like a man about to be drafted.

"I don't have no personal quarrel with those Viet Congs," he declared. The sentiment was received shudderingly wherever men make fights. Clay next turned to the least acceptable sort of conscientious objection: "I am a member of the Muslims, and we don't go to no wars unless they are declared by Allah himself."

To the *Chicago Tribune* these remarks sounded like treason. The *Tribune* has been defending the Constitution against assorted dangers for well over a century now, against such threats to the Republic as Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, Dwight D. Eisenhower and anybody who failed to salute when the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy belched.

On Sunday, February 20, the *Tribune* began The Treatment—and to those *Tribune* watchers who have observed The Treatment for lo these many years, it was beautiful—technically. CRIME PROBER DEMANDS STATE BAR CLAY FIGHT, said a Page One column one headline on Sunday. LEGION HITS BOXER ON HIS DRAFT TIRADE. Then inside: DRAFT CAN K.O. CLAY'S FIGHT—IF IT HURRIES. And on page 24 the lead editorial was entitled ARE YOU PROUD OF THIS, GOVERNOR?

Good start. By Sunday night an influential state legislator who had blocked several bills outlawing professional boxing in the state shifted his position: he would now even introduce such bills into the next session of the legislature. By Monday morning Governor Otto Kerner, a Democrat, was suggesting that the Illinois Athletic Commission reexamine its position on the fight. By Monday noon the Three Stooges of the IAC were able to announce triumphantly that they had received an apology from Clay —by phone.

That was almost—but not quite—good enough for the *Tribune*. While its sports page was throwing every resource into promotion of the Golden Gloves, whose combatants are not so socially significant as they are merely clumsy, the *Tribune*, behind the scenes, had applied other pressures. One of its top investigative reporters got on the phone to Bentley and ordered him to deliver Clay to Chicago for a public apology.

Quavering in his second-floor fight headquarters at the Sheraton-Chicago hotel, Irving Schoenwald, the other promoter, seized the occasion to go to the hospital. "With chest congestion brought on by aggravation," explained Bentley. Bennie himself, a small, dark, intense man with the nervous system of a bronc with a backache, was devouring tranquilizers. He had already printed 14,000 tickets and invested $5,000 in the training-camp expenses of Terrell and company. Now he struggled to direct the best light possible toward a prosperous outcome for the fight: "Lookit, $160,000 in the kick and we ain't even opened the gate yet." But he spoke glumly of a tea-leaf reader he had heard about who looked in the bottom of the cup and saw a man leaping off a tall place. "That must be me," Bentley said, "only from here I wouldn't get the job done. I need more than two floors."

Tribune-oriented, Bentley obediently wrested the phone apology from Cassius, then negotiated a personal appearance for him before the commission, apparently to make the apology more explicit. He cringed a little when the *Tribune* ran an editorial commending Mayor Richard Daley, a Democrat, for saying Chicago "could do well without this fight." (For Daley this was an extravagantly committed position. He leans heavily to the "this is a wonderful city with wonderful people with a wonderful future" type of statement. And for the *Tribune* to commend a Democrat is like Mao sending roses to Kosygin.) Nevertheless, Bentley steered Cassius to the hearing at noon Friday.

The shellacked maple pews in the hearing room were packed with everybody from Black Muslims, looking as if they had wandered in innocently to watch a karate demonstration, to state troopers, pious and sharp-featured in their pointed, wide-brimmed scout-leader hats. The fight mob was there: Ernie Terrell's brother, the lawyers, even frail old Sammy Frager, a white-haired little man clutching the one glove he had already made for each fighter and fearful of seeing his $50 investment and all his time washed down the drain. The hearing was delayed for half an hour while the IAC closeted itself in a side room and learned the worst: the Illinois attorney general had already found grounds for legally canceling the fight. That was important, for if the fight were barred without sufficient legal grounds the state would be up to its earlobes in lawsuits.

Without betraying a hint of this important knowledge, the committee filed in and settled itself under the three-by-four-foot color photograph of Governor Kerner, one of many leadership portraits throughout the State of Illinois Building. Cassius Clay advanced to the witness chair. He was wearing a gold bow tie, a black suit, black socks and black laceless shoes. His hands were folded chastely in his lap. "I'm not here to make a showdown plea or apologize as the press had projected I will," he said. "My apology is only to apologize for what embarrassment and pressures might have been put on you, not me," he said. The commission pressed him for a more direct apology for his "unpatriotic" statements. "I'm not apologizing for nothing like that. I don't have to," said Clay. "I'm apologizing just for what I said to the press."

The commission was astounded. Commissioner Lou Radzienda, a blond, marcelled, cigar-smoking butterball, looked around and began counting. He can count to three—or at least to two—and he was able to discern that if a vote were taken right then and there the fight would be off, two to one. He favored the fight. "I move we recess this meeting to a later day," he snapped. Without a second's pause and without a vote, he got up and left the room, tapping his cigar behind him. Joe Triner, the commission chairman—now 71 and racked with a painful illness—sat in his chair, his arms hanging limply over the sides, an apprehensive look in his deep-set eyes.

There was no indication when, if ever, the Illinois Athletic Commission would be able to reach a decision on whether the March 29 fight should be held. "Maybe by April 1," cracked one reporter. Then suddenly came word that the Illinois attorney general, William G. Clark, would have a statement in a few minutes some 10 floors farther down.

Clark's office is paneled in smooth, mellow wood and is decorated with five—count them, five—pictures of his family. It has no pictures of Governor Kerner. Clark is Mayor Daley's mouthpiece, not

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An Old Dog, a New Trick



The dog leaning against Fred Boudeman of Kalamazoo, Mich. (*left*) is a 12-year-old German shorthaired pointer named Tippy. Tippy has a keen nose, staunchly holds a point and eagerly retrieves shot pheasants. There has always been one rather glaring imperfection in Tippy's otherwise superior performance in the field—for years he has stubbornly refused to give up his birds (*below*) without a struggle. Boudeman has tried everything. He has attempted to pry Tippy's jaws apart. He has shot over the dog's head, tweaked his ears and blown into them, stepped on his paws and even ignored him. No use. Then one day last fall, on the spur of just such a frustrating moment afield, Boudeman unceremoniously turned Tippy upside down and shook him (*opposite*). Tippy immediately dropped the pheasant. This novel release technique has worked every time since, and Tippy seems to enjoy it. All of which proves that it sometimes takes years—11 years in Tippy's case—for an old dog to teach a hunter a new trick.

LEE BALTERMAN





ACHES AND PAINS AND THREE BATTING TITLES

Roberto Clemente of the Pirates has thrice won the National League batting championship and is a superb fielder, but he is famous for his ailments—fancied, real and real fancy

by MYRON COPE

The batting champion of the major leagues lowered himself to the pea-green carpet of his 48-foot living room and sprawled on his right side, flinging his left leg over his right leg. He wore gold Oriental pajama tops, tan slacks, battered bedroom slippers and—for purposes of the demonstration he was conducting—a tortured grimace. "Like dis!" he cried, and then dug his fingers into his flesh, just above his upraised left hip. Roberto Clemente, the Pittsburgh Pirates' marvelous right fielder and their steadiest customer of the medical profession, was showing how he must greet each new day in his life. He has a disk in his back that insists on wandering, so when he awakens he must cross those legs, dig at that flesh and listen for the sound of the disk popping back where it belongs.

Around the room necks were craned and ears alerted for the successful conclusion of the demonstration. Clemente's wife—the tall, beautiful Vera—sat solemnly in a gold wing chair a few feet away. Way out in the right-field seats, ensconced on a $1,000 velvet sofa in what may be called the Italian Provincial division of Clemente's vast living room, were his 18-year-old nephew, Pablo, and Pablo's buddy, Wilson. They sat fascinated, or at least they seemed fascinated, for it may have been that Wilson, who says his hobby is girls, was wishing that minute that Roberto would lend them his Cadillac.

"No, you cannot hear the disk now," shouted Roberto. "It is in place now. But every morning you can hear it from here to there, in the whole room. *Boop!*"

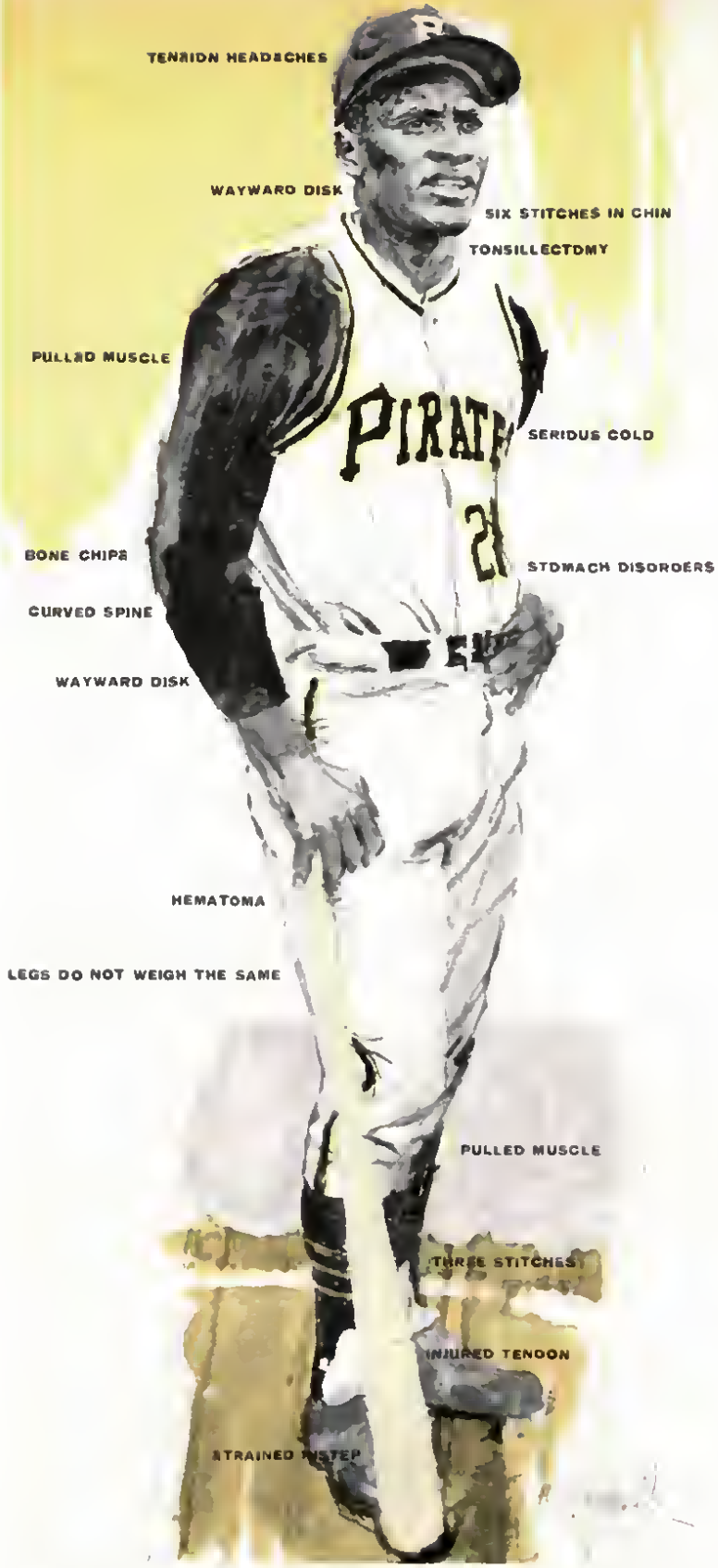
Boop? Certainly, boop. Not only one boop but two, for there is another disk running around up in the vicinity of Roberto's neck. For that one he must have someone manipulate his neck muscles until the sound of the boop is heard.

All this herding of disks, mind you, is but a nub on the staggering list of medical attentions that Clemente has undergone during his 11 years as a Pirate. Relatively small at 5 feet 10 inches and 180 pounds when able to take nourishment, the chronic invalid has smooth skin, glistening muscles and perfect facial contours that suggest the sturdy mahogany sculpture peddled in the souvenir shops of his native Puerto Rico. His countrymen regard him as the most superb all-round big-leaguer to emerge from their island, while many Pittsburghers have concluded that the only thing that can keep Clemente from making them forget Paul Waner is a sudden attack of good health.

Now 31, Clemente over the past five pain-filled years has won three National League batting championships (to say nothing of leading *both* leagues for the past two years) and has averaged .330, a level of consistency that no other big-leaguer has equaled during this half decade. In strength and accuracy his throwing arm has surpassed that of the old Brooklyn cannon, Carl Furillo, and if Roberto's genes are any indication his arm is not about to weaken. "My mother is 75," he says. "Last year she threw out the first pitch of the season. She put something on it, too." Because Roberto smolders with an intense belief in himself, some ballplayers argue that his only real malady is a serious puffing of the head, but the clicking of X-ray machines, the scraping of scalpels, the trickle of intravenous feeding and the scratching of pens upon prescription pads have mounted to such a fortissimo that Roberto would seem to be a fit subject for graduate research. The moment when Roberto first set eyes on his wife is the story of his life: he spied her in a drugstore, where he had gone to buy medication for an ailing leg.

"I played only two innings in the winter league this year," sighed Roberto, having picked himself off the carpet and dumped himself into a chair. "I was having headaches, headaches, headaches, so I had to quit." He had hoped to rest at his split-level Spanish-style house atop a hill in Rio Piedras, a suburb of San Juan. To the left of the living room an open-air tropical garden flourishes in the sun and rain that descend through overhead beams, and along the front of the living room a sunken parlor looks out on a veranda that by night offers a glittering view of all San Juan, clear down to the bay. Roberto had the house built a year ago at a cost of $65,000 and, because of galloping real-estate values, it is worth at least $100,000 today. But now his voice rose and swept out across the veranda and transported down the Puerto Rican hillside all the heartfelt melancholy that has ever been sounded in sad Spanish song and story.

"My head still hurts. The pain splits my head. The doctors say it's tension. They say I worry too much. I've tried tranquilizers, but they don't work. My foot is killing me. I got this tendon in



UNCHARTABLE part of Clemente medical history includes tired blood, malaria, insomnia and fear of nightmares (which he does not have but is afraid he might have).

my left heel that rubs against the bone, and I cannot run on it at all. I'm weary, I tell you. All the time it's go here, speak there, do dis, do dat. Always, always, always. When I go to spring training, that's when I take my rest."

On days when Puerto Ricans did not require him to address luncheons and cut ribbons, Roberto lay abed from midnight till noon, then arose for breakfast and returned to bed till 4:30 p.m. He usually got about two hours' sleep in all that time. He is one of the world's great insomniacs because, he explained earnestly, he lies awake worrying that he will not be able to fall asleep.

"When I don't sleep I don't feel like eating and I lose weight," Roberto said.

Has he tried sleeping pills? Yes, he answered, but they kept him awake all night.

Opera companies have performed *Parsifal* in scarcely more time than it takes Roberto to get ready for bed. When the Pirates are on the road he memorizes every aspect of his hotel room. Where is the door? To the right? Is the window to the left? Four paces or five? "Suppose I have a nightmare and jump up. 'Hoo!' I'm screaming, and I rush through the window and my room is on the 13th floor."

Does he have nightmares? "No," said Roberto.

But the point is, he *might* have a nightmare sometime and, besides, when he is memorizing that room he is carefully noting the exact position of the telephone, which is vital. Suppose the phone rings. Roberto is able to pick up the receiver without opening his eyes. When he is forced to open his eyes, he explained, it frequently happens that tears well up in them and then he finds it perfectly impossible to fall asleep. Earlier in his career Roberto roomed with Gene Baker, but Baker snored, Roman Mejias and Alvin McBean, two others with whom he tried rooming, came in too late and awoke him by rattling hangers. So now, management having granted him privacy, he is able at least to hope for a little sleep before it is time to boop his back.

Surely the Lord cannot be punishing Roberto. A generous man and the devoted father of an infant son, he has been the sole support—since age 17—of his

continued

parents, a niece and nephew Pablo to whom he recently gave an 18-foot cruiser. Before that he built a house for his parents. When Pitcher Diomedes Olivo joined the Pirates at age 40, too late to make a pile, Roberto gave him half of all his banquet fees.

"I always try to lead the clean life," says Roberto. He does not smoke and rarely drinks indulging himself only in his original milkshake recipes. His fruit cocktail milkshake consists of milk, fruit cocktail, the yolks of eggs, banana ice cream, sugar, orange juice and crushed ice. "As much as you want of each," he says. "If I want a peach milkshake, I put a peach in it. If I want a pear milkshake, I put a pear in it."

Sighing and limping through his clean life, Roberto has acquired a reputation as baseball's champion hypochondriac, but his personal physician Dr. Roberto Busó of San Juan, says, "I wouldn't call him a true hypochondriac, because he doesn't go to the extreme of just sitting down and brooding." Far from it, Roberto gallops across the outfield making acrobatic catches; with a bat in his hands he is all over the batter's box, spinning like a top when he swings. "I'm convinced of his weakness," says Dodger Vice-President Fresco Thompson. "Throw the best ball you've got right down the middle. If you pitch him high and outside, he'll rap a shot into right field. If you throw one to him on one hop, he'll bounce it back through the mound and it'll probably take your pitcher and second baseman with it." In the past few years, alas, Roberto has become relatively orthodox. "If I have to jump three feet over my head to hit the ball, now I don't do it," he points out, deadly serious.

For all his exertions, Roberto is perpetually unfit, because, as Dr. Busó goes on to explain, he has a low threshold of pain, which causes him to take minor ailments for crippling debilitations. "If his back hurts he worries," says Dr. Busó, "and then it becomes a vicious circle, leading to more things. If he has a little diarrhea, he worries that he has a serious stomach difficulty." Roberto is endowed with an exceptionally supple musculature that enables him to race full speed into a base and then stop cold on it—which he likes to do instead of rounding it. But even he pulls muscles, twists ligaments and generally raises hell with his supple musculature that way. "It's his natural style," sighs Dr. Busó.

Still, ballplayers wink and giggle whenever Roberto announces that something or other is killing him; his problem is that he is seldom able to come up with a good, visible injury—say, a nice compound fracture with the bone sticking through the flesh. He spent four of his first five big-league years complaining of an agonizing back ailment that a battery of Pirate specialists could not track down. When a chiropractor whom Roberto consulted in defiance of front-office warnings, told him he had a curved spine, a pair of legs that did not weigh the same and a couple of wayward disks, Roberto immediately saw why the physicians had overlooked such a mess. "They always X-rayed me lying down," he says. "They never X-rayed me standing up."

Then a little later, there were chips floating in his elbow. Nobody doubted they were there, because Dr. George Bennett of Johns Hopkins said so, and promised he'd remove them at the end of the season. But when the time came—great Scott!—the chips had floated off somewhere. Dr. Bennett could not find them.

By all odds, Roberto's most exotic infirmity struck him after the 1964 season, when he fell desperately ill in Puerto Rico. Dr. Busó is not certain to this day whether Roberto had contracted autumnal malaria barnstorming in Santo Domingo or had picked up a systemic paratyphoid infection from the hogs on a small farm he owns, but Roberto himself knows what he had. "Both," he says.

His condition alternated daily between



TYPICAL CLEMENTE MOMENT IN RIGHT FIELD FINDS ROBERTO TWISTING IN MID-AIR AFTER MAKING A SPECTACULAR STOP AND THROW

delirium and stupor, says Dr. Busó, and he lost 23 pounds. Alas, none of the Pirates had been in Puerto Rico and been an eyewitness. When Roberto reported to spring camp and began cracking line drives, all hands agreed that if he had had malaria they wanted some.

Clemente bridles at the suggestion that perhaps he only thought he had malaria. "If a Latin player or even an American Negro is sick," Roberto protests, "they say it is all in the head. Felipe Alou once went to his team doctor and the doctor said, 'You don't have anything.' So he went to a private doctor and the doctor said, 'You have a broken foot.'"

For Roberto, life in the big leagues has been a series of outrages. He is by no means anti-gringo—in fact, his relationship with Pittsburgh fans is one of the unwavering love stories of the national pastime—but, as a Latin, he feels persecuted. He is vociferously resentful of the fact that he is the least known, least sung superstar in baseball. "With my eyes blind I can throw to the base," he snaps. "I *know* that. If Mantle have the arm I have you will put it in headlines 'cause he is an American. You never give me credit. How many players in history win three batting titles?" Not including Roberto, only 11 since 1876. "The sportswriters don't mention that. They ask me, 'What you think about dis, what you think about dat?'"

Refusing to underestimate himself, Roberto repeatedly has declared, "For me, I am the best ballplayer in the world." His words provoke indignation on all sides, and his efforts to explain them merely stiffen the indignation. "I say, 'For *me*, for *myself!*' " he shouts. The Stateside listener, taking him literally, can only conclude that in Roberto's own mind he does think he is better than Mays or Aaron or anyone else in the business, and the impression remains fixed until one happens across a man named Libertario Avilés, a worldly San Juan engineer who built Roberto's house and is one of his good friends. Says Avilés: "You have to understand that the Latin is touchy. If you say to me, 'Who is the best engineer in town?' I will say, 'For me, I am the best.' It is a Spanish saying, an expression of self-respect. You are not to underestimate yourself, but that does not mean you are to underestimate anyone else's ability."

Though Roberto's imperfect command of English has prevented him from explaining himself as clearly as Avilés does, he bristles that no amount of fluency would spare him from being portrayed in the American press as a stupid greenhorn. "I'm gonna tell you dis—it's one of the things that kill me most in the States," he says. "I know I don't speak as bad as they say I speak. I know that I don't have the good English pronunciation, because my tongue belong to Spanish, but I know where the verb, the article, the pronoun, whatever it is, go. I never in my life start a sentence with 'me,' but if I start it with 'I' the sportswriters say 'me.' 'Me Tarzan, you Jane.' " For a fact, Roberto is typed, even by ballplayers who dress alongside him daily. Says one Pirate. "Just before he goes out and wears the ball out he'll say, 'Me no feel good today. Maybe me no play.' " During Roberto's one season of minor league ball, at Montreal in 1954, he understood practically no English. A player whom he had robbed of an extra-base hit called him an s.o.b., whereupon Roberto, assuming he was being complimented on the catch, replied, "Sank you." But he worked hard at his English. He still garbles an occasional phrase, says dis and dat somewhat more often than this and that and sometimes is stumped for the word he seeks, yet his conversation is perfectly intelligible. He resents coming off in print like an M-G-M Sioux chief, almost as much as he resented the Pittsburgh woman who once asked him if he wears a loincloth when home in Puerto Rico.

continued



TYPICAL CLEMENTE MOMENT AT BAT SHOWS LEFT FOOT FLAT, RIGHT FOOT OFF THE GROUND AND BAT SLASHING BALL STRAIGHTAWAY

Clemente probably is wrong to think the Stateside press has neglected his talent because he's a Latin, but his batting averages of the past six years—.314, .351, .312, .320, .339 and .329—make it seem incredible that his name has not entered the elite Mays-Mantle-Aaron circle.

In the outfield he has done it all. Although not exceptionally swift, he is the master of the shoestring catch. ("I can run very fast bending down," he explains.) Only last season Roberto fielded a bunt—that's right, a bunt—that had rolled to shortstop. Shortstop Gene Alley had gone to cover third base but, as if from nowhere, Roberto dived headlong at the ball and, with his face in the dirt, threw out Houston base runner Walter Bond at third.

Scarcely credible? Nevertheless, the description suits Clemente's throwing arm, too. From Forbes Field's right-center-field gate, a distance of about 420 feet, he once threw out Harvey Haddix at the plate, on one bounce. "I tear a ligament," he of course recalls.

Roberto's value, so far as Brave Manager Bobby Bragan is concerned, is on a par with that of Hall of Fame players. "The best way to describe Roberto Clemente," says Bragan, "is to say, if he were playing in New York they'd be comparing him to DiMaggio. I would say his greatness is limited only by the fact that he does not hit the long ball consistently and by the fact that he is not playing in New York, or even Chicago or Los Angeles."

In an age of power, the fact that Clemente has never hit more than 23 home runs (and has never driven in more than 94 runs) weighs heavily against his prestige. There is no doubting that his muscular arms and outsize hands are capable of power, for one of his home runs—a shot over Wrigley Field's left-center bleachers—stands as one of the longest smashes ever hit out of the Cub ball park. Yet because he plays half the schedule in spacious Forbes Field, where the man who guns for home runs undergoes traumatic revelations of inadequacy, Roberto wisely has tailored his style to the line drive and the hard ground ball hit through a hole. Thus he hit only 10 home runs last year, but he is certain he can hit 20 any season he pleases, Forbes Field notwithstanding.

"If I make up my mind I'm going to hit 20 homers this year," he bellows with indignation, "I bet you any amount of money I can hit 20." A change of style would do the trick, he claims, but what sort of change? Ah, Roberto becomes tight-lipped. He is one of baseball's most sinister practitioners of intrigue.

"Nothing," he replies. "A little change in the hands, that's all. I don't want to tell you what it is."

In baseball any player who obviously exaggerates simple moves is labeled a hot dog, and on two counts Clemente seems to fall within this definition. First, he not only favors the basket catch made famous by Mays but lends to it an added element of risk by allowing fly balls to drop below his waist before catching them. Second, when fielding routine singles he often underhands the ball to second base in a great, looping arc instead of pegging it on a line.

Hotly defending himself, Clemente points out that both the low basket catch and the underhand throw are nothing more than natural habits carried over from his youth, for until he was 17 he was a softball player, not a baseball player. Not until a softball coach named Roberto Marín persuaded Clemente that he might earn big money in baseball did he turn to the sport. From the outset he was a natural wonder, and yet a problem.

The Dodgers signed him for a $10,000 bonus but were not quite sure what to do with him. At the time, if a first-year player who received more than $4,000 was sent to the minors, he not only had to stay there for a full season but would be eligible to be drafted by another club in November. The Dodgers could have protected Clemente from the draft by making room for him on their own roster, but they were gunning for a third straight pennant and felt that an untested 19-year-old would be dead weight on their backs. In the end Walter O'Malley's brain trust assigned Roberto to Montreal but told the Montreal manager, Max Macon, to hide him—that is, play him sparingly lest enemy bird dogs take a fancy to him.

Roberto recalls that '54 season with a shudder. "If I struck out I stay in the lineup," he says, "If I played well I'm benched. One day I hit three triples and the next day I was benched. Another time they took me out for a pinch hitter with the bases loaded in the first inning. Much of the time I was used only as a pinch runner or for defense. I didn't know what was going on, and I was confused and almost mad enough to go home. That's what they wanted me to do. That way nobody could draft me."

By religiously discomposing him, Max Macon held Roberto's batting average to .257, but a Pirate scout named Clyde Sukeforth was on to Macon's act. One day in Richmond, Va., before a Montreal-Richmond game, Sukeforth had seen Clemente cut loose with a couple of eye-popping practice throws. He stayed in Richmond four days. Macon countered by keeping Clemente on the bench except for two pinch-hitting appearances, but Sukeforth saw enough of Clemente in batting and fielding practice to be satisfied.

"Take care of our boy," he said to Macon as he prepared to leave town. "You're kidding," Macon said, trying a last-ditch con. "You don't want that kid." Sukeforth smiled and said, "Now, Max, I've known you for a good many years. We're a cinch to finish last and get first draft choice, so don't let our boy get into any trouble." At $4,000, Sukeforth had the steal of the century.

From the Dodger viewpoint, such setbacks are all part of the game, but for reasons the Dodgers had no knowledge of, Roberto has regarded their failure to protect him from the draft as a betrayal of trust. The Dodgers had been his boyhood favorites. Right after he had made a gentleman's agreement to accept their $10,000 bonus the Braves offered him $30,000, he says, but he turned it down. "It was hard," Roberto says, "but I said I gave the Dodgers my word." As he sees it, the Dodgers took a faithful servant and gambled with him in the draft pool as they would with a handful of casino chips. Teaching the Dodger front office the importance of ethics, Roberto in the past five seasons has hit .375 against the pitching staff of Koufax, Drysdale, Osteen, Podres and Company. The only way to pitch him, guesses Koufax hyperbolically, is to roll him the ball.

By now one thing should be clear to Pittsburgh's opponents. For their own good, they ought to warm the cockles of Clemente's heart with praise, commiserate with him when he has a hangnail, elect him to the All-Star team with a landslide vote, punch any sportswriter who does not quote him as if he were Churchill on the floor of Parliament and

continued

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campaign for him to receive his first Most Valuable Player award. "If I would be happy I would be a very bad player," Roberto himself says. "With me when I get mad it puts energy in my body."

This business of failing to elect him to the All-Star team (as was the case last year when the malaria and/or paratyphoid caused Roberto to get off to a poor start) only assured that he would win another batting championship. Moreover, he cannot forget that in 1960 when he batted .314 and the Pirates won the pennant, he finished a shabby eighth in the voting for MVP. Dick Groat hit .325 for the Pirates that year, leading the league and winning the MVP trophy, but Clemente drove in 94 runs to Groat's 50, and demands to know why, if he was not Pittsburgh's most valuable player he was the one the pitchers most often knocked down? When told that Groat sparked the team, Roberto proves that his American idiom is on the upgrade by retorting, "Sparked, my foot!" The point is, however, that he hit .351 the following year. Lest he ever simmer down and acquire a happy disposition, his teammates call him No Votes.

Ignored and rebuffed by baseball's In crowd, Clemente nevertheless leads all popularity polls where it counts—with the paying customers in Pittsburgh. They seem to grasp that, if he is a man who covets recognition, he would rather have it from Joe Doaks than from all the members of the Baseball Writers Association of America. "Winning the World Series in 1960 was not the biggest thrill I ever have in my life," he said not long ago, looking out on the lights of San Juan from his veranda. "The biggest thrill was when I come out of the club house after the last Series game and saw all those thousands of fans in the streets. It was something you cannot describe. I did not feel like a player at the time. I feel like one of those persons, and I walked the streets among them."

Such utterances by Clemente are not a pose for public consumption. Behind closed doors he has urged his teammates to set their sights high, for the novel reason that "we owe these people another pennant." Says Pitcher Bob Friend, a Pirate until traded to the Yankees in December, "He gets pretty windy on the subject, and you wonder how to turn him off. A lot of players leave the game feeling the world owes them a living, but Clemente's an exception to that rule. He

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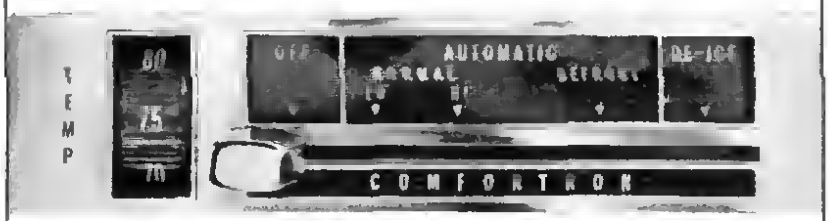
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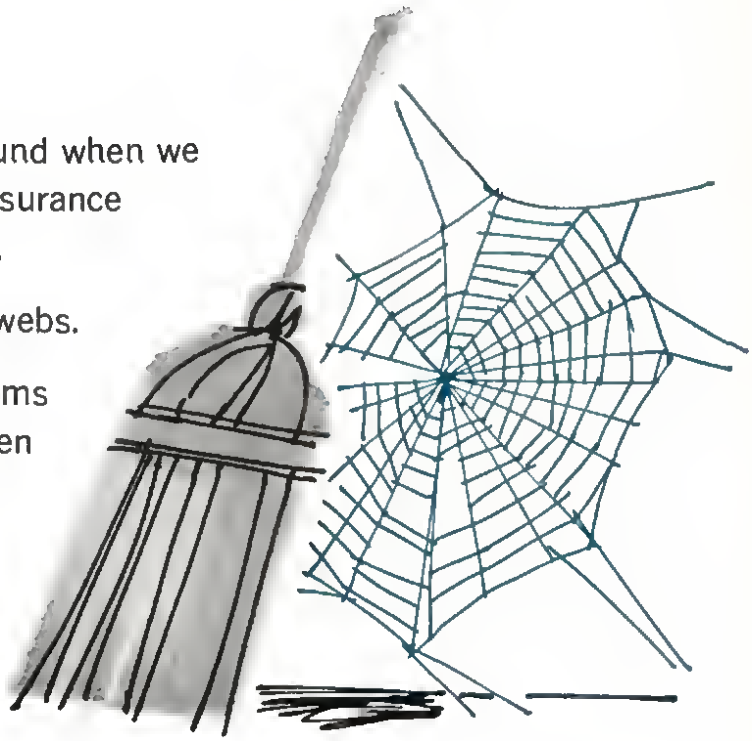
knows what baseball's done for him, and he expresses his appreciation."

Puerto Ricans, meanwhile, hold Clemente in an esteem they otherwise tender only to Cellist Pablo Casals and Elder Statesman Luis Muñoz Marín. "He is a glory to the island," says a nightclub guitarist named Frankie Ramírez, whose sentiments are echoed from San Juan to Mayagüez. One recent morning Roberto and his engineer friend, Libertario Avilés, drove into the countryside east of San Juan. Avilés steered his Wildcat convertible past the old sugarcane fields that were now being bulldozed for factory sites. Roberto's father had owned a few acres himself once and at the same time had worked as a foreman of a great plantation and with his wife had run a grocery and meat market for the workers. "My mother and father, they worked like racehorses for me," said Roberto. He has the mid-Victorian morality of the old Spanish families, and his sense of obligation runs strong. "Anybody," he was saying now, "who have the opportunity to serve their country or their island and don't, God should punish them. If you can be good, why you should be bad?"

The Wildcat coursed through the seaside village of Fajardo and, not far beyond, turned up a dirt road where lay a dream that had possessed Roberto's emotions all winter. He was negotiating with the government to lease a lush 20 acres on which he plans to construct a sports camp for boys, plowing the profits into camp scholarships for the underprivileged. He will call the camp Sports City. Tramping through the seaside forest where Sports City will rise, Roberto explained his ambition: "We are known as a good sportsmanship people, and I'm proud to be part of that recognition. But today life is moving too fast for these kids. You see 15-year-old boys and girls holding hands. They hang out on street corners. Maybe if I can keep them interested in sports they will not always be talking about stealing and about gangster movies. I'm proud to do good for my island."

As Roberto spoke of his dream, he seemed no longer the worrier on whose lips are complaints of headaches, backaches, sore feet, sore arms and tired blood. "I like to work with kids," he said. But then he added with a frown, "I'd like to work with kids all the time, if I live long enough." **END**

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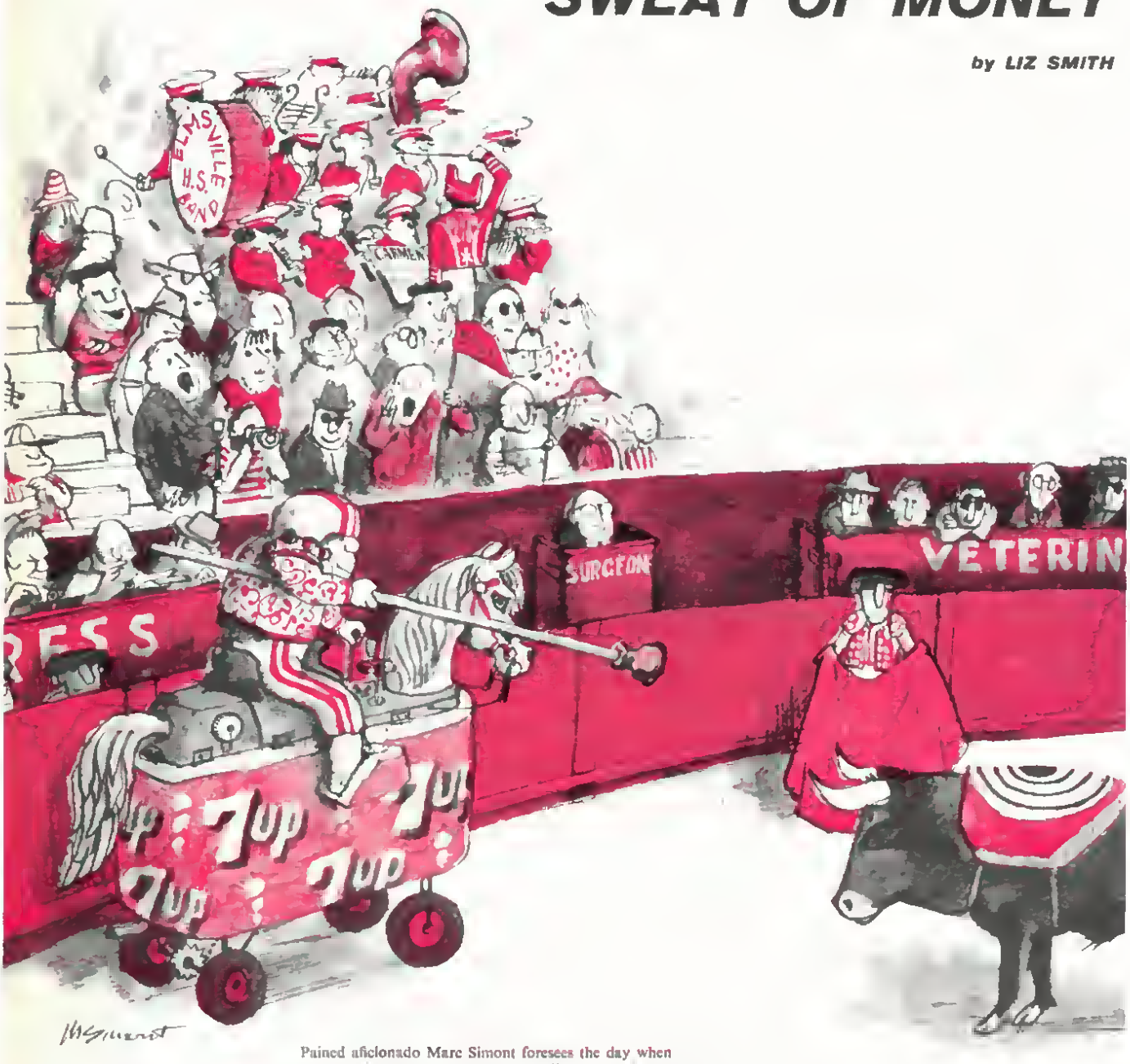
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NO BLOOD, SOME TEARS, A SWEAT OF MONEY

by LIZ SMITH



Pained aficionado Marc Simont foresees the day when
a mechanized picador will challenge "el toro" with a plumber's helper.

In their new pop art form, the Brothers Feld have yet to harm a bull. Aficionados may mourn, but both Texans and 'toreros' think that La Corrida Americana is as much fun as striking oil



I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well:
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

That was Schoolboy Tom Brown's off-the-cuff answer to the demand by Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, that he translate the 32nd epigram of Martial. Now there is a new version of this famous rhyme, which you are likely to hear before the sun rises over the yardarm, before the moon shines over the cow shed and before that enlarging dot of dust on the horizon grows bigger than a bull's horn. It goes something like this:

We do not love thee, Irvin Feld;
The reason why we sure can tell;
You've sent the bullfight straight
to hell:
We do not love thee, Irvin Feld.

Of course, there is a chance you might hear the other version—the one made up by the 100,000-odd new fans of Irvin Feld. It goes:

We do adore thee, Irvin Feld;
You treat the toros so damn well;
Who cares if all the purists yell:
We do adore thee, Irvin Feld.
P.S. We like your brother Israel, too.

These conflicting variations on Tom's rhyme should persuade you that the Brothers Feld of Washington, D.C. are controversial. Well, they sure are, because any two men who call themselves Super Enterprises, Incorporated and can turn, in one—you should pardon it—Feld swoop, from presenting the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Ella, the Duke and Peter, Paul and Mary, not to mention the New York City Center Ballet, and become International Bullfights, Inc. in order to dream up something called "Modified Portuguese-style New American Bloodless Bullfighting" are not just out to be quietly accepted. They want to make noise. And they're making it—a noise that has seldom been heard inside the borders of the U.S.

"*¡Olé!*" it goes. Or "*¡Olé!*" it went down in Houston last month. And "*¡Olé!*" it will go again in the Houston Astrodome in July, with the famous and/or notorious El Cordobés promised on the bill for the box-office punch. And, possibly even before then, it may be heard in Chicago, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Miami and other places we all know and love. It might even make itself heard above the despairing, ghostly laughter in Shea Stadium.

Now, most of what the average *yanqui* knows about the *corrida* he learned from seeing Tyrone Power in *Blood and Sand* or from reading Ernest Hemingway. He knows that Papa acclaimed bullfighting as the only violent event outside of war offering man the opportunity to see life and death. Maybe he even remembers that Papa made a classic understatement when he wrote: "The bullfight is not a sport in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word. . . ."

Well, Papa never knew the Brothers Feld. They are determined to make bullfighting an Anglo-Saxon sport if it breaks the heart of every true aficionado ever to fly Iberia or Aeronaves. After their recent $315,000 gamble in Houston's Astrodome, which paid off with a total attendance of 107,257 people and a gate of $409,185, the Felds are snorting like Miura bulls.

"We hope to hold these fights in many cities. Every major city, I'd say, has inquired about them. I think this new American version of the bloodless fight can be even more exciting than traditional bullfighting. We have studied the *corrida* in every country, you see, and

continued

this is a tremendous spectator sport. We think the American people will like it. And we intend always to present it upholding the great traditions of true bullfighting, with all the pomp and ceremony it deserves." Thus spoke Israel Feld.

Brother Irvin is equally enthusiastic, but his remarks are tinged with care. "Let's face it," says Irvin. "We have problems." But the problems faced by the Frères Feld today are happy ones compared to those they wrestled with before the Houston debut. First they had to get their extravaganza into the Astrodome, one of the few U.S. arenas where they could put on a big show and make a profit. Then they had to overcome the Texas law against a man fighting a bull, narrowly squeaking out a favorable decision in a Harris County court. Of course, they had to contend with the wary Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Association, assuring these eagle-eyed organizations that no bull or horse would be hurt. (They carefully abjured making any guarantees for the matadors, and no initialed society spoke up in behalf of homo sapiens.)

When they had sweated out their cartel of stars (one would have to attend Plaza México all season in order to see as many excellent matadors as the Texans were to be offered in just one night), Irvin Feld knew he had reached the zenith of his career as an entrepreneur. "I want to tell you that bullfighters are the kind of people you can't negotiate with," he says. "I've presented stars like Danny Kaye and Jerry Lewis, but I never met such inflexible artists as matadors in my life. Their idea of a compromise is to come down from a fee of $105,000 to $100,000."

But people were only part of the problem. International Bullfights, Inc. also had to contend with ridicule, skepticism and uncertainty as to just how a matador could fight (or even exist) with a bull minus any of the teaching aids they employ in Spain, Mexico and Peru. While in the true Portuguese-style fight the bull is not killed, he is nagged quite a bit. In this Portuguese-American version no one dared even scratch *el toro*—or the SPCA would spank. The Feld presentation was to be minus picadors on vulnerable horses, minus the gory act of breaking down the bull's neck muscles with a lance to make its head drop, minus the prick of the colorful *banderillas* and, most important, minus the moment of truth.

But, as in the mysteries of algebra, these minuses ended up as pluses. First, for skeptical Texans who came to scoff and stayed to yell "*¡Olé!*," prompted by the frequent appearance of the word, 30 feet high, on the Dome's electronic scoreboard. Second, for the promoters, who actually hadn't had a clue whether rodeo-oriented Southwesterners would settle for the lesser mayhem of stylized bloodless bullfighting. Third, for Judge Roy Hofheinz, prime mover, creator and hero-villain of the Astrodome, who needs bigger and better events to fill up his sometimes empty "eighth wonder of the world." And last, for the world's millionaire matadors, who never before have been able to add any U.S. dollars to their collections of pesos, pesetas, sols and escudos.

Houston had been properly suspicious of the bullfights at first. Suspicious despite the high-powered publicity job done out of New York to promote the event, despite the signing of some of the world's top matadors, including Spain's Paco Camino and Gabriel España and Mexico's Jaime Bravo, José Ramón Tirado and Humberto Moro, plus the picturesque added attraction of such *rejoneadores* (bullfighters on horseback) as the dashing Mexican brothers Felipe and Evaristo Zambrano, Portugal's José Brilha de Matos and Mexico's Mauricio Izaguirre. Suspicious despite the steam put on by the Hofheinz hustling team in Houston.

Men in expensive Stetsons and Borsalinos rocked back on their walking-boot heels before the blond wood panels imported from the Palais Murat for the $12 million Warwick Hotel and snorted. "Hell, I done seen this fighting where they don't kill the bull before, over in San Antone [San Antonio], and it don't amount to a hill of beans." Out at the bright, new, orange, fully enclosed pens set up near the Astrodome there was sarcastic good humor quivering in the crisp sunny air. True aficionados first apologized for being there at all and then explained to initiates that the bulls must be kept from seeing people on foot to preserve their ignorance of man's movements for the bullring. So people peered at the bulls through tiny slots in the wall, inhaling the pungent odor of alfalfa and manure and listening to the Mexican and Spanish handlers arguing with the straw boss, a big, friendly Texan named Red Dozier.

Mr. Dozier came equipped with an electric cattle prod, which, he carefully explained, was only a mild DC, not the stronger variety favored in some communities for use on people. He had built the corral and also the 180-foot $15,000 bullring inside the Dome. "Yep, I'm the vice-president in charge of bulls," he said. "Putting them in these boxes makes them mad. Once you pen 'em and let 'em loose, it's Katy bar the door."

It was already understood that these bulls would have to be killed eventually, for no bull can be allowed to live after he has faced a matador. The Kay Packing Company already had bid for them, and after the fights they were to be taken to the slaughter pens and killed, humanely, of course, with sledgehammers, out of sight and mind of the spectators.

A powder-blue pickup truck marked "SPCA Animal Rescue" stood near the corral, evidence of the formidable presence of retired Army Major Jerrol Lowe of the Houston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and his colleague, John O. Marston of the American Humane Association of Denver. They were there to see that the bulls had food and water and to check the pads that would go on the bulls' backs —half an inch of polyurethane foam and half an inch of carpet into which the *banderillas* could be stuck but which would prevent them from even touching the bull's skin. "Ridiculous," said one aficionado. "They'd do better to try suction cups on the *banderillas*." Quite a discussion ensued on how to glue the pads onto the bulls with rubber cement and then secure them with baling wire, something like the talk that must have first occurred when those mice decided to bell the cat.

The bulls were slightly undersize (360 to 400 kilos as compared to 500 kilos in Spanish bullfighting), but their handlers took pains to point out that they would not be slowed down or injured by either picador lances or *banderillero* barbs. As Architect and Bullring Designer José Manuel Gomez explained: "When the matador has to simulate the moment of truth, by touching the bull over the horns symbolically, you must remember that the bull will still be in excellent

condition, his head up, his spirit high, his murderous intent the same as ever. This kind of fight is the most dangerous for the matador, because the entire point of the various phases is to bring the bull to a condition where the matador can dominate and then kill him. Here he will only be killed symbolically."

In short, the bulls would escape the moment of truth and the bullfighters would take the consequences.

That night the largest crowd ever to see a bullfight in the U.S. or Spain crammed into the Dome. Glamour slopped all over the place. Flags of Texas, the U.S., Portugal, Spain and Mexico hung over the sides of the arena. Pretty girls in mantillas sat at ringside. After a blast of Tijuana Brass on the loudspeakers, the people listened as Announcer Constantine Hassalevris told them the significance of what they were about to see. Down in the Domeskeller the *toreros* said their prayers before an altar hastily installed between a couple of Judge Hofheinz' decorative beer-barrel wall friezes.

The crowd was enthusiastic over the first event—the horseback bullfighting of Mauricio Izaguirre and José Brilha de Matos—but women were still commenting that the bull was "cute." Even when the *rejoneadores* stuck their lances into the foam pads of the bull and broke them away in fluttering flags, it all seemed terribly tame and toothless for folks raised on the ranch life of branding, castrating and ear clipping, not to mention rodeo's calf roping, bulldogging, Brahma bull riding—and that mean old bronc-bucking strap. Then Matador Humberto Moro came out and the announcer instructed the audience to say "*¡Olé!*" if it liked something. The Dome resounded with an "*¡Olé!*" that drowned out the music.

But it was the next matador, Jaime Bravo, billed to his own delight as the "Rubirosa of the Ring," who made the audience decide it would rather watch the bullfight than switch. To begin with, the onlookers heard the Mexican charmer dedicate his bull to International Bullfights Impresario Irvin Feld and to Lyndon B. Johnson—our leader's worst billing since he was Vice-President. Then Bravo embarked on the course of action for which he is famous, the kind of foolhardy bull-baiting that has gotten him gored 14 times. In a moment he had been brutally tossed twice by the bull, only to get up, wave off his rescuers

continued



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Usher's Green Stripe, Blended Scotch Whisky 86 8 Proof.
The Jos Garneau Co., New York N Y © 1965

and then, running, place his own *banderillas* after first breaking them down to less than half size. He was tossed once more, completely over the bull's back, got up again and symbolically "dispatched" the bull. From that moment on, the spectators were hooked.

They watched with enthusiasm the more restrained passes of José Ramón Tirado as a wildly erratic bull ripped his cape into two pieces. His work with the muleta caused the announcer to say, solemnly, "This is art, ladies and gentlemen." Everyone said "*¡Olé!*" solemnly.

Gabriel España, who worked in a red-and-gold suit of lights, addressed the audience before addressing his bull. He said into the mike, "I am so much happy to be in Texas." Everyone said "*¡Olé!*" joyfully. The great Paco Camino said nothing, but his bull added to the excitement by jumping the 4½-foot *barrera* and landing in the *callejón* between the ring's two fences. After dominating the bull to the point of mesmerization, Camino gave it a disdainful pat on the nose, as befits an entertainer who is receiving $100,000 for three days' work.

The next day word came down from Judge Hofheinz' Oriental gilt office that he and the Felds were jubilant. Seven bulls had performed as if on cue and nine *toreros* had given their individual styles their all. The perfectionists, the carpers and the doubting Thomases were hushed. The second-night crowd was 2,500 larger than the first, and on Sunday afternoon there was another gratifying assemblage. Eighteen of the Astronauts were there, plus a former First Lady of Mexico, Señora Ruiz Cortines.

Bravo wore his bad-luck blue suit of lights twice. "I do not believe in bad luck," he said, though his hip had required novocain to kill the pain of the bruise. Asked if he felt the Houston fights lacked finesse, he shrugged, "When I decide to come here, I completely give myself a wash brain, you know, I say, 'Forget classicism, Madrid, Mexico, all that. This is America and it's entertainment, so go, go, go, be spectacular, show off—like, you know, show business.' "

Then he went out and did it all over again with an even more bravura performance than the night before. Not everybody liked it. An old Madrid hand said: "You take your average North American sentimentalist with all that stuff in his mind about loving animals. Well, it takes a real silly thing like Bravo's behavior to get to them. They don't even understand how good the other matadors are, how they control the bulls, correct their faults, dominate them."

The promoters answered: "Bravo may not be pure but we could use a few more like him." They were shaking their heads a bit as if to brush away the gnats of doubt propagated by people who kept telling them that Texans just love the Astrodome and will go there to see anything. "Kid," one know-it-all said, "a Texan will go to the Astrodome to see a trained armadillo knit. They've paid $450,000 in the past 10 months just to see this joint when nothing is even happening in it. Take those fights out of Houston and you're a flop."

The promoters refused to believe it. They were talking about forming The American Taurine Association, with its own set of rules and regulations, American Matador John Fulton, who was on the scene but not on the bill, said he would fight in the future for the Felds and also would form a union of U.S. matadors. Vincent J-R Kehoe, a bullfight photographer with several books to his credit on Spain's second favorite diversion (soccer is first), was hired on the spot to help form the rules and write a book on American bullfighting.

Jaime Bravo, serene from his triumphs before the totally undemanding *americano* audience, committed a final blasphemy in keeping with his death-wish behavior in the bullring. He came right out and said, "This kind of bullfighting could even replace the other in Spain and Mexico. It would improve relations between our nations and then tourists who hate to see the horse injured or can't stand the kill would patronize the bullfights."

"Just think," sighed Irvin Feld, "we could have made $100,000 more here in Houston just by leaving Paco Camino home. But by having him—the world's greatest bullfighter—we proved our point. This is the way we want to go in every city, strictly first-class. My chief fear is some cheap-jack group will try to imitate us in a get-rich-quick scheme."

First-class or no, some people were still aghast that top matadors had been a party to the Feld venture. In Houston's smart El Cid Club a Mexican waiter sniffed, "I used to be a *novillero* in Mexico, so I have feeling, *sí*? A bullfight is an art. I was surprised at the men coming here to fight in this—this joke. How can it be a bullfight without killing the bull?"

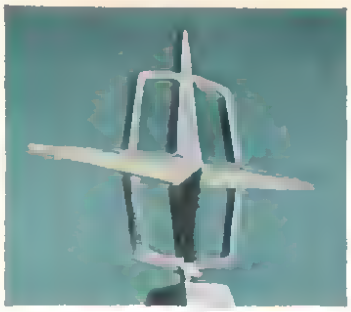
Well, whatever it was, it had delighted more than 100,000 people. It had even converted a few diehards to the pleasures of something that had the look, sound, smell and pageantry of an old art—while obviously being only pop art. And it had bent one of the well-known pillars of the true *corrida*, namely, that a bull must be "weakened" by pic-ing and disoriented by the placing of *banderillas* in his skin in order to be fought at all.

Last week 20 of the bulls' heads and one whole bull were at the taxidermist's being prepared for enshrinement in the Astrodome, while the Felds sought an agreement from El Cordobés' manager, Chopera, that the beatnik matador would definitely grace the mid-July return engagement. But the real question was: Would Americans come to see this new "sport-entertainment" outside the Astrodome? Perhaps the show would build, for it had the lure that draws some people to a boxing match—the unspoken hope of seeing a bloody knockout, with the tacit understanding that one might have to settle for just 15 rounds of skillful boxing. American bullfighting patrons could count on that same itchy half-fear, half-hope that they might see a matador gored or tossed, and it would make for life at the box office if not necessarily death in the afternoon.

But there was still the question of what would happen on the day the first *torero* in the U.S. got eight inches of horn in his belly. Would the SPCA and the American Humane Association raise a cry? Would anyone besides Ava Gardner say a good word for *toreros*?

Of course, nobody had yet gotten around to discussing the ultimate possibilities that lie before the Brothers Feld and their Bullfight Extravaganzas. For if dancing girls aren't the answer to La Corrida Americana, then the answer may be Corrida by Computer. Experiments have already been made with electrodes implanted in a bull's brain. When he charges, if someone presses a button, he will stop on a dime, turn away from the matador and, perhaps, sniff daisies.

The American Taurine Association's next step may be IBM. And I don't mean International Bullfighters. Mother. **END**



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Here is the shot that is toughest of all



FRANCIS GOLDEN

You are on the first tee. You are not really warmed up, have not played for a week, have plenty of spectators and want to go hide.

What is the hardest shot in golf? You will get votes for the wedge off dirt or the 100-yard explosion or the any-old-thing out of a clover patch. But why overlook the one shot which, unless you are most unusual, rattles you every time you try it, yet you have to try it every time you play? I mean, of course, the drive off the first tee. It is like the opening of a football game. I am nervous until the action starts, and I imagine you have the same feeling. What happens next is that most of us try to hurry because we want to get it over with. We are too keyed up to hit a decent shot, but we swing anyway, just as fast as we can. The result is often a disastrous start for what becomes a bad round.

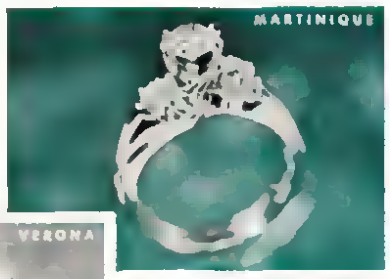
What I try to do is to pretend that I am relaxed. I take a few deep breaths and swing my driver lazily back and forth to encourage a mood of composure. Next, I try very hard to think of nothing but hitting the ball. I don't think about myself or what is at stake or what the people watching might think about my swing. I just concentrate on meeting the ball as solidly as I can. Finally, I slow down my swing. I take the club back more slowly than usual, and I make the downswing as unforced as possible. The result often is the best drive of the day just when it is wanted the most.

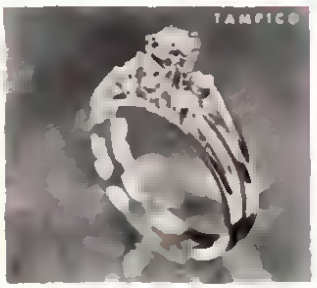
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WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC/'66



The first figure to come trotting out of the midnight shadows along Manhattan's Madison Avenue one unusual evening last week was a portly male, flushed of face and short of breath. The second, right behind the first and obviously enjoying herself, was breathing easily. **Jackie Kennedy** runs very well at this time of night, says a man who prudently stepped off the sidewalk to clear the track. "She has a smooth, natural gait," he says. "Not at all like a girl's, with her elbows locked against her sides. But, though she did not show it, she may have been a bit winded. She was lugging in a little as she passed."

The athletes who get the fat bonuses are the ones who have more to offer than muscle, said **Ernie Banks**, legs stuffed under a battered desk in a South Side Chicago elementary school (*below*). Working with the city's Jaycees, the Cub infielder is doing what he can to discourage school dropouts by underscoring the unsuspected rewards of education. "A great athlete is a well-rounded guy," he was saying, "a guy who knows more than one thing." Was his message getting across? "I think these kids get a lift," said Banks. "They think that nobody cares about them—then here's a man from a big bank or an athlete or somebody talking to them, personally." That, he thinks, is a good beginning.

"The day of the brute, the gorilla, in professional sports is over," says Minnesota Viking Halfback **Tommy Mason**. And isn't he glad—because he has lately gone into the men's toiletries business, and brutes and gorillas don't buy that stuff. Mason's "Quarterback Club" line includes lotions and deodorants and bracers and powders and a hair spray with a lacquer base that he uses himself. Hair spray for football players? Sure, haven't you heard? "I've used a spray for two years," says Mason, who handles his firm's advertising. "That's because I care what I look like. I feel men are as vain as women."

West Coast Publisher **Robert Petersen** was just back from Poland, where the government had accorded him the rare privilege of hunting boars and stags in the famous Bialowieza Forest, and guess what? His guide on the hunt was none other than Zigmond Musial, third cousin (he said) of **Stan Musial**. Maybe so, maybe not, said Stan the Man. His father got here around 1910 and pretty much lost track of relatives in the old country. "Many people claim to be my cousin," said Musial. "It's all right with me."

Hey, get a load of the magnificent 13-foot blue marlin that man has caught! And look at the full-page, four-color advertisement—the fisherman is **Haydon Burns**, governor of Florida, and he's saying, "Everybody's welcome in sunny Florida, where it's always fishing time . . ." Florida? But isn't that Hawaii's Kona Inn in the background? Well, as a matter of absolute fact, says the Florida Development Commission, which haphazardly prepared the ad, if you want to be technical and split hairs, then it's true: the fish was caught and the picture taken in Hawaii. But why the shouting? As the governor said: "I've landed fish almost as big off our own coast."

They never went in much for squash racquets out in Tilden, Neb. but, then, **Richie Ashburn** has come a long way from there. He has since discovered the game at his Philadelphia country club, and for all those loopy liners he once pinged off National League pitchers, Ashburn is moved to exclaim that "squash is the greatest sport I have ever played." Not yet is he the sport's greatest player: he was knocked out of a local Class C tournament the other day in the semifinals.

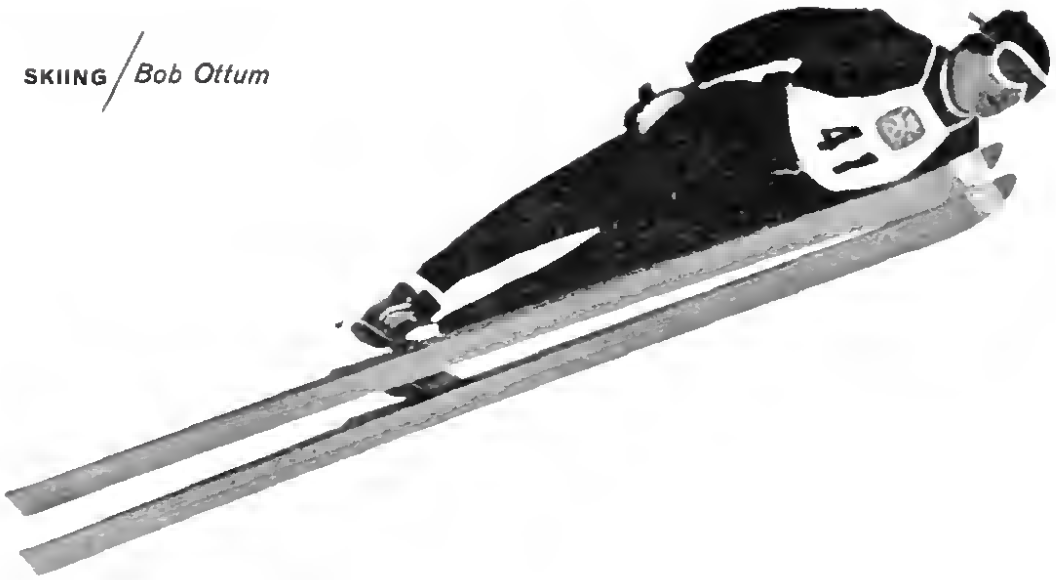
Giving time and talent for a benefit basketball game in Birmingham, Jet Quarterback **Joe Namath** joined other University of Alabama football stars to play against a similar team from Auburn and led the scoring on both sides (19 points) despite a bandaged knee. Later, set to thinking about his $400,000 calling to professional football, the AFL's Rookie of the Year began to kid about whether he was on the right track. It was his family and the Alabama coaches who had talked him into football, said Joe, and probably that was fine, but he wasn't sure. The Chicago White Sox and the St. Louis Cards had liked his stuff, too, and "maybe it would have been better if I had played baseball. I could hit the ball real good. I might have been a Mickey Mantle or a Willie Mays."

His ambition is a long and profitable career with the professionals and her baby is not due until August—so what makes more sense than for Warrior rookie **Rick Barry** and his wife Pamela to spend his day off shooting baskets (*below*) in a San Francisco church gymnasium? They've been playing basketball together ever since he was a star at the University of Miami and she was his coach's daughter. But nowadays they play a version of the game in which, Pam says, "He tries to drive by me and I push him a lot. I also try to steal the ball—and I can do it, too, because I'm so much smaller." That's for sure. He's six-eight. She's five-five.





SKIING / *Bob Ottum*



A soaring week for the nervy Norse

The host nation won the FIS Nordics with an old-fashioned toughness and a flawless style

The thing sits up there in the hills above Oslo, right in King Olav's front yard, a towering, lonely, icy structure. It is as much a monument to Norwegian national spirit as the Plaza de Toros in Madrid is Spain's. Norway's Holmenkollen Hill is the daddy of all ski jumps, and any Nordic skier worth his wax knows that one day he has to go up there and hurl himself off that monster before he can consider his career complete. The jump is used only once each year, with great, shivering ceremony. The rest of the time people stand around and look at it and swallow a lot. The man who wins the Holmenkollen, who jumps the farthest with the most élan, is the best jumper in the world, no matter where the so-called world championships might be held. But this year, a vintage year for Norway, the FIS World Nordic Ski Championships and the Holmenkollen were combined in one big event, and all last week brave men were winging off big daddy in a stunning display of one-downmanship.

Anyone who thought the Holmenkollen events were staged merely to pick world Nordic champions was not looking closely at the true situation. Norway is a dark, cold country, and Oslo in winter is the foggiest, loneliest city in the world. The snow never seems to stop falling and all day long men with shovels attack it. Every available truck in town carries loads of it from the streets to dump into the fjord. Each night a storm blows up and dumps it back on the city. Oslo in February has a tired, gray look, and the Norwegians need the Holmenkollen for reassurance. So once a year Norway invites the rest of the world to town to reestablish the stern fact that, swinging discothèques and moon shots notwithstanding, there is a lot to be said for the old-fashioned, rugged Norse way of life. The Holmenkollen is the Norwegian's bridge to national pride.

By last Sunday night, after athletes of 21 countries had had a crack at the hill and at the long, tortuous cross-country courses nearby, the Norwegians had once again reestablished their reputation as the highest-flying and hardest-skiing people in the world. They had won the world championships—and they had won the Holmenkollen.

Nordic skiing is just the opposite of double-chair lifts and meet-you-at-the-lodge-for-drinks skiing. It is a grim, bereft business of jumping and racing through the north woods as if the wolves were on your heels. Cross-country skiers wear lightweight, thin hickory boards strapped to their toes, and knickers and knee socks and pained looks. The postures of cross-country skiing are ungraceful, as different from wedeling down a hill as harness racing is from the Kentucky Derby. But the Norwegians invented the game, and they came by the thousands last week to the Holmenkollen meet to chant "Hiyuh, hiyuh," in unison, forming long, snakelike rows through which the skiers ran, moving like ghosts through thickly falling snow.

There is little wonder that Norwegians ski so well: they began jumping 200 years ago, and archeologists recently found a 4,000-year-old rock carving in northern Norway depicting primitive skiers, wearing what appear to be stretch sealskins.

In recent years, other European nations have been coming up in the sport. The Finns and the Swedes have always been Norway's most serious Nordic rivals, and now Russia has found that Nordic skiing is right up its alley. The Germans, both East and West, are also strong, and even in the U.S. the Nordic program is undergoing a startling boomlet.

The nation that unseats Norway from its Nordic throne, however, faces a formidable task. For one thing, it has to compete with the Norwegian spirit. Consider the case of King Olav, who, at 62, probably can whip any king in the house. In the early years of his reign, some Norwegians tended to look upon him as a sort of monarch-come-lately because he had been born in Great Britain and did not arrive in Norway until

CHIN TO SKI TIPS, arms at sides, Bjorn Wirkola jumped 277 feet to win Holmenkollen title

he was 2 years old. But in 1922 and 1923, when he was still crown prince, Olav entered the competition and went off the Holmenkollen himself. He jumped 113 feet, which did not win him any medals but served to establish a certain amount of royal fortitude.

And from those days onward, noted one oldtimer last week, Olav was adopted by the country and has been greatly loved. Such is life in rugged Norway. Would Lyndon Johnson drive in the Indianapolis 500?

As the events began last week, King Olav acted as chairman of the championships, marching daily to his royal box with his parka hood up against the gathering snow and an unfiltered cigarette in the middle of his mouth. At the cross-country events the royal box consisted of a few planks nailed together and covered with hunting. The inside was done in wall-to-wall snow. At one point it grew so cold that the uniformed honor guardsmen, unable to hold their frosty trumpets to their lips, pretended to play the national anthem while the music sounded over the loudspeakers via tape recorder.

The Norwegians got off to a slow start. Before the men's 30-kilometer cross-country race, 65 runners stood impatiently through the opening rites, then powered off over a course that took them across the hills, under and over rickety bridges and through backyard mazes to end up back at the foot of the big jumping hill. Finnish skiers were first and second, a West German was third, a Swede fourth. A Russian was fifth, and Italy had moved a man into the sixth position. The U.S.'s Mike Gallagher, a 24-year-old from Rutland, Vt., was 33rd.

"Pay dirt for us is about six years away," said Al Merrill, the U.S. coach. "Our Nordic fortunes are increasing slowly. But they *are* increasing."

At midweek, with 21 medals down and nine to go, Russia was in first place with two gold, two silver, one bronze medal and a scattering of fifth and sixth places, but the medals had all come from the women's cross-country events. Norway was in second place with three gold medals, one silver and one bronze.

Then, over the knoll from Holmenkollen, on a hill called Midtstuen, the jumpers started showing their stuff as the buildup began for the big event. A Norwegian, Bjorn Wirkola—putting together leaps of 260 feet and 255 feet—won the special jumping event and became the handicappers' favorite for Sunday's big show.

Wirkola, who moves inside a circle of beautiful blondes and shouting children bearing autograph books, has a special, glittering toughness about him. He comes off the edge of the jump outstretched, the tips of his skis almost against his nose, hands pressed against the sides of his legs, an arrogant posture for a man falling through space. On the morning of the special jump he drank three glasses of milk and ate two Norwegian cheese sandwiches, and anyone who has ever eaten a Norwegian cheese sandwich can appreciate Wirkola's courage. But before Norway's special version of the flying wing had a chance to show his real capabilities on the Holmenkollen itself, his nation had produced another candidate for consecration.

Twenty-four-year o'd Gjermund Eggen, who had won the 15-kilometer race and then anchored the winning four-by-10 relay with that event's fastest time, now took on the Nordic world at 50 kilometers. It is a savage, grinding event, Nordic racing's contribution to outdoor masochism. In 3 hours 3 minutes and 4.7 seconds he beat them all, leaving behind a trail of sturdy racers bent double with pain. Finland was second, third and fifth, Norway's Ole Ellefsaeter was fourth. No one has ever won three gold medals out of five cross-country events at the Holmenkollen. The fact that Eggen was a native son put the town on its ear.

"I have been training since July for this," Eggen said Saturday after it was all over. "If all my races so far this season were added together," he said, "the distance would add up to 3,500 kilometers." This, Norwegian statisticians figured, is the distance from Oslo to Gibraltar.

Then it was Wirkola's turn again.

To Northlanders, supposed to be stoic, unemotional people, the perfect jump is the frigid zone's equivalent of the perfect pass at a bullfight. They know its every nuance, and the sight of a bold man flying over the brow of a hill—45 feet above the ground—will bring a collective "Ahh," that would not take much translation to become an "*Ole*."

There is a language that goes with jumping, spoken only by purists and Nor-

continued



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dic insiders. But it is sufficient to say a man is judged first on how far he jumps, and second on how beautifully he does it. Nothing else, purists aside, matters. In fact, from the top of the tower everything else quickly loses importance.

From 136 feet up, the Holmenkollen inrun drops straight down in a glazed, shining, 42° track. The view from the top is stunning: King Olav's winter home to one side, the Oslo valley to the other, and straight ahead, the upturned faces of thousands of bone-chilled critics.

"You feel, sometimes," murmured Wirkola, "like you are going to jump into the crowd."

"This," said American Jumper John Balfanz, "is the World Series, that's what it is, the World Series."

The runner starts down across 300 feet of ice with his knees doubled against his chest, hands out in front of him with the wrists limp. At the lip of the jump, if his timing is perfect, he uncoils. In just the proper position, his body becomes an airfoil against the wind.

The jumper who can float the longest, who does not panic at the dizzy height and speed and break his position, is the man who wins the Holmenkollen. At 60 miles an hour, following the curve of the hill, it is not easy.

"The first 15 meters or so, you float and it is wonderful," said Wirkola. "Then you start down, down, down. If one can hold the position as he is falling, one jumps far."

When the big day came, there were 90,000 people there, cold, red-nosed, hot-eyed, waiting at the foot of big daddy for Wirkola to show the world how to jump.

There was freezing rain, a fog that hung gray over the tower and, in the middle of the event, a surprise snowstorm. At one point, the announcer's voice came eerily out of the mist, saying, "From the top we can't see how many you are. But perhaps we can listen to you," and the answering roar could have been heard in Greenland.

Going into the day's show, Norway had moved into the lead in medals and points: four gold, two silver and one bronze, compared with Russia's three gold, two silver and one bronze. In third place was Finland with one gold, three silver and two bronze medals.

And in the space of Sunday afternoon, in the worst weather of the year, the heart of Scandinavia was there at the foot of that jump.

There were threats to Norway from all sides: Russia's Valeri Emeljanov came winging off the hill, daring and flat, and landed at 254 feet. Finland's Niilo Halonen reached 262 feet. Then another Russian jumped 264 feet, Norway's Christoffer Selbekk floated down at 262 feet, and the flying World Series was on.

Japan made a strong bid: Takashi Fujisawa jumped 262. West Germany's Wolfgang Happle came down at 268,



GOLD MEDAL COLLECTOR Gjermund Eggen won three cross-country events, including the grueling 50-kilometer, more than brightening the long, grim winter for Norwegians everywhere.

East German Peter Lesser topped them all with 278. Then came Wirkola.

With the crowd yelling, "Hiyuh. Bjorn," Wirkola materialized out of the mist in a perfect, trancelike pose, his arms locked against his sides, floating on and on as though the fog were holding him off the ground. In the second that he landed, the show was over. Norway and the world had seen one of the best jumps it is likely ever to see: Wirkola had gone 277 feet, with perfect form. As he skated to a sliding stop, he looked around calmly, the only absolutely cool figure inside a circle of bedlam.

So perfect was Wirkola's jump that three of the judges awarded him 19.5 points for style (20 points is perfect and only two jumpers have gotten 20 points in 30 years), and the other two judges each gave him 19.

There were, in substance, two high spots of the day: Wirkola's first jump and Wirkola's second jump.

Within minutes after he had jumped, the snows came—so thickly that they blotted out the hill, the tower and the crowds. Officials suspended the meet, hoping for the storm to let up, and the announcer led the crowd in community singing, pleading with them not to go away. It was one of the season's more absurd gestures. That crowd could not have been driven away with fire hoses.

With a six-point edge over his nearest competitor, with the gold medal a virtual cinch and the snow hanging dangerously heavy, all Wirkola had to do, actually, was pull off a passable jump. But once again he came wafting down, holding an unbroken, beautiful, flying stance—257 feet, and 102.2 more points.

When it was all over Wirkola had won everything in sight, including a widening circle of blondes and enough free cheese sandwiches to last him until spring. Japan's Fujisawa was second, Sweden's Kjell Sjoberg was third. A Russian was sixth. American's John Balfanz had placed 16th.

Cold and drenched with heavy snow, the crowd began pouring off the big hill back to Oslo, and the announcer's voice came from somewhere out of the storm. "We will shoot fireworks down the hill," it said. Nobody stayed to watch them. They had already seen, on a historic Sunday afternoon in Norway, all the fireworks any country can stand in one cold winter. END

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A search for some sleepers

Graustark's future is uncertain, and everyone is looking for a Derby long shot to beat Buckpasser in Florida and Saber Mountain in California

As the old song put it, what a difference a day made—even in horse racing. Early on the morning of February 19 in Miami, following a downpour through most of the previous night, John W. Galbreath's undefeated Kentucky Derby favorite Graustark splashed and slipped through a workout at Hialeah in preparation for last week's Everglades and this week's $100,000 Flamingo. No one can say whether or not the off track was to be blamed, but during that work Graustark bruised his left hind heel. X rays disclosed no breaks or cracks, but the injury was serious enough to sideline him for the rest of the Florida season—a matter of six weeks—and, in the eyes of some, to jeopardize even his Derby chances.

This temporary absence of a fine horse has altered the whole appearance of the 3-year-old division. Most observers had been saying for weeks that you didn't have to look beyond Graustark, Ogden Phipps's Buckpasser and the Californian, Saber Mountain, to find the winner at Churchill Downs. While awaiting Graustark's return to action—probably at Keeneland in April—the same people now are searching on both coasts for Derby sleepers and long shots.

Least dismayed of anyone is John Galbreath himself. "The only way you can look at something like this," he says, "is that it may be a blessing in disguise. Now we have to let up on Graustark, and it may be just the right thing for him. The other way we would have gone on running him, and by Derby time his best races might have been behind him."

Yes, that is one way to look at it, and certainly the trend has been for more and more good horses to go after the big winter purses so strenuously that by Derby Day they have either broken down or passed their peak. One owner-trainer team that knows this only too well is the Bill Perry-Jim Maloney combination at Santa Anita. A year ago their Jacinto ran away with an exercise boy on the eve of the Santa Anita Derby. Jacinto was badly beaten by Lucky Debonair, had to skip the Kentucky Derby and then broke down prepping for the Preakness. This week Perry and Maloney may win the Santa Anita Derby with their lightly



WHIPPING LEFT-HANDED, SHOEMAKER URGES BUCKPASSER AWAY FROM HIS

raced Boldnesian who, two weeks ago, in only the fourth start of his career, won by 10 lengths. Boldnesian, a son of Bold Ruler out of the champion racemare Alanesian, will have to run just as brilliantly this week if he is to beat Saber Mountain, but Maloney is bringing him along slowly and with a championship clearly in mind. What championship? "Boldnesian isn't even nominated for the Kentucky Derby or Preakness," says Maloney, "we're aiming for the Belmont. Prepping for the Derby becomes too much of a rat race. We're not going to get caught up in the rat race this year."

With Boldnesian in it, the Santa Anita Derby looks like a better race than Hialeah's Flamingo. Last week less than a length separated the first four finishers in the mile-and-a-sixteenth San Felipe, and all four horses will be in the nine-furlong Derby. One has to be impressed by Saber Mountain not only because he is still unbeaten, but because he wins his races the hard way—after fighting his way out of trouble. In the 14-horse San Felipe field Bill Shoemaker broke Saber Mountain from the inside post and was right on the pace as they went into the far turn. But then, instead of putting the issue beyond doubt, Shoe decided to test his colt. In a daring demonstration of confidence not only in his mount but in his own race-riding ability, Shoemaker took Saber Mountain back to fifth place midway in the turn. In the stretch Shoe brought Saber Mountain to the outside and drove him furiously to win by a head over Exhibitionist.

The next day in Miami Shoe was on Buckpasser, who ran down the homestretch in the Everglades like a four-footed version of Jimmy Brown. Braulio Baeza took Stupendous to a three-length lead only to have Shoe and Buckpasser nail him at the quarter pole after a mile in a fast 1:34 3/5. But the second Buckpasser poked his nose in front, he tried to pull himself up. Shoe whacked him right-handed, and Buckpasser lugged in sharply on Stupendous. Despite losing his stride, Stupendous hung on gamely and was beaten by a head. The time of 1:47 4/5 was only four-fifths off Bold Ruler's track record.

Trainer Eddie Neloy had a good answer for those who wondered why Buckpasser hadn't won by a greater margin. "How do we know how good Stupendous might be?" (Or, for that matter, how good another stablemate, Impressive, might be. Impressive, who has beaten Buckpasser, won easily at Pimlico on Saturday.)

Other good horses on both coasts may be important factors in the days ahead. In the Everglades, Illinois-bred Abe's Hope closed very strongly to be third, while in the San Felipe George Pope's Hill Clown did the same thing and was just a nose behind Exhibitionist. The latter, along with Understanding, is trained by Hirsch Jacobs, and both are improving rapidly. Baeza is going to ride Exhibitionist in the Santa Anita Derby, and this will hardly hurt his chances. Ada Rice's Advocator, who finished fourth in the San Felipe, is another developing colt.

If Graustark comes back to the races in April—and there is no reason to believe he won't—he may have to be a truly great horse to keep his five-race win streak intact. END



STABLEMATE STUPENDOUS (ON RAIL) AS ABE'S HOPE TAKES THIRD PLACE



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FIGURE SKATING / *George Gross*

High-altitude triumph for a tough little miss

A tragic eccident wiped out U.S. women's figure-skating hopes five yeers ego. A slim girl named Peggy Fleming restored them lest week



JUDGES SCORE SCHOOL FIGURES THAT BUILT BIG EARLY LEAD FOR PEGGY FLEMING

Only four times in the 60-year history of the women's world figure-skating championship had a defending titlist been dethroned in competition, but Petra Burka's crown was wobbling. "There is nothing I can do about it," she muttered at the conclusion of compulsory figures at Davos, Switzerland last week. She was so right. There was nothing, absolutely nothing to be done. The sturdy world champion from Toronto had hoped that a strong showing in school figures would help her win again. School figures count 60% in the final scoring, and it was surely in this 60% that a veteran's skill and stamina would show best. Yet here it was Saturday afternoon, the compulsory program was all over and Peggy Fleming (SI, Feb. 7), the leggy wisp from Colorado Springs, Colo., was ahead. Peggy, who took a sensational fall at the Innsbruck Olympics two years ago before a packed gallery that included several members of the Royal House of Orange, had traced and retraced her six compulsory figures with such precision that she piled up 1,233 points, leaving Petra well behind with only 1,184.2.

Carlo Fassi, the coach who worked so patiently with the 17-year-old at the Broadmoor Hotel ice school in Colorado Springs, was sure that she had made it, Peggy was not so certain. "Now," she said, "if I can only do well in the free skating."

Those who had followed Peggy Fleming's career had little doubt that she could excel in this department; the problem was one of endurance. Her grace and daring in executing complex double and flip jumps was widely known, and Dick Button, a former champion who worries more about Peggy's diet than her skating form, had said that there had been only one other skater to compare with her in the last 25 years, former world and Olympic Champion Tenley Albright. But a year ago, at the world championships in Colorado Springs, Peggy had tired badly and finished in third place.

What the doubters forgot was that in 1965 Peggy was only 16, she had been living nearer sea level in Pasadena and was able to practice only an hour a day. But Colorado Springs, where she has been living since last summer, is just as high up as Davos and Peggy made the most of it. She went to Switzerland in prime form. This was instantly apparent during the school figures, a nerve-

wracking ordeal under the best conditions but triply so when performed outdoors in rarefied air.

At Davos, Carlo Fassi made sure that Peggy was prepared for the high cold by engaging the West German team trainer, Curt Schumacher, to rub her legs with liniment each time she went out on the ice. After each turn Fassi would take her back to Schumacher to have the liniment rubbed off with alcohol lest it overheat her legs.

"The biggest fault of skaters," grumped Schumacher to one reporter, "is that they go out to skate cold. A boxer warms up before his bout, no? A horse needs a warmup, no? So a skater needs to keep his muscles warm when competing in the cold, yes?"

The need for such a warmup was one of the reasons cited by Petra Burka's fans in explaining her downfall. Long bothered by a circulatory problem known as Raynaud's phenomenon, Petra's legs go numb in cold weather, and she has to warm up with her boots loosely laced. Before competing, she tightens them. As the lead-off skater in her group for the free-style competition, Petra found she didn't have time for the loose-laced warmup, and during the competition she couldn't feel her legs at all. This, said her apologists, was why she completely omitted a double Salchow from her program and two-footed a double flip near the end.
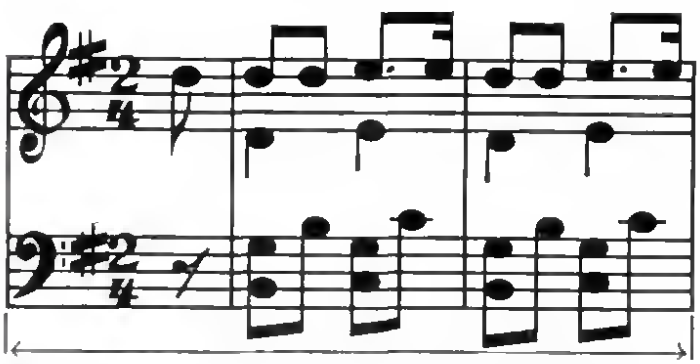
It was a disappointing performance that not only failed to close the gap on Peggy Fleming but left Petra behind an otherwise undistinguished East German girl, Gabrielle Seyfert. At the end of the meet Petra Burka found herself the first defending world champion in the history of women's skating to drop to third place in a single year.

Young Miss Fleming, the first potential world champion the U.S. has produced since a tragic airplane accident in 1961 brought sudden death to an entire team of brilliant young skaters, had no such problems. In a tightly fitting, dark rose skating costume, the girl from Colorado leaped and pirouetted to the strains of Verdi, Tchaikovsky and Rossini with her usual remarkable skill—and the stamina to match, which was really the point.
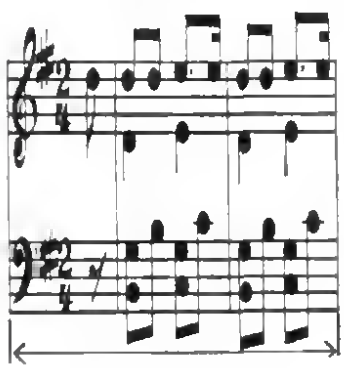
Toward the end of her routine, a moment of caution threatened an otherwise flawless performance, but the judges hardly seemed to notice. One of them awarded her a 6—the mark of absolute perfection in figure skating. It was the only 6 to appear in the women's competition. When it was all over, Peggy Fleming had become the first American girl to win a world figure skating championship since Carol Heiss in 1960.

"It is her determination that makes Peggy great," said the ecstatic Fassi when it was all over. "She has an excellent disposition, which makes her forget a bad practice in 10 minutes. But at the same time, she learns from all her mistakes. There is no doubt in my mind she is the best in the world."

All Peggy could say was: "Gosh, I'm glad the big scare is over." **END**



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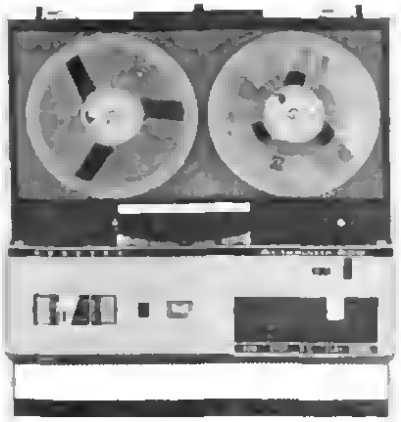
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KENTUCKY

continued from page 23

his own. The performance prompted Tennessee Coach Ray Mears to say that Conley was as unselfish a player and as fine a college passer as he has seen.

In this game, against the Tennessee 1-3-1 zone, Rupp stationed Riley in one corner and brought Dampier down to the other, moving Conley out to a back-court position. With Conley and Kron hitting first Riley and then Dampier (as the defensive emphasis changed), Riley and Dampier got 28 and 29 points bombing over the zone and brought Kentucky an easy 78–64 victory. The Wildcats not only outshot Tennessee, which they do to everybody (Conley's shooting percentage of 47.5 is the poorest among the starters), but they also showed again how position, fight and timing can enable a little team to outrebound a bigger one. The Wildcats won the boards 46–27, with the guards, little Dampier and big Kron, leading the way with 20 rebounds between them.

Riley, the team's best all-round player, also handles center-jump duties, and though he is only 6 feet 3, he has won all but seven of 46 jumping duels. He leads Dampier, whom Rupp calls "the best outside shooter I ever saw," by a hair (21.7 points to 21.4) in scoring. Dampier is the best percentage shooter; Kron, who also specializes in defense, is the top free-throw man.

The team is marked, obviously, by versatility and balance, making it difficult to defense. For example, as soon as Tennessee ignored Kron as a shooter to concentrate on Dampier and Riley, he promptly popped in two 20-footers. When the Vols fell back on him, Kron immediately returned to feeding. Putting pressure on playmaker Conley, as one team (St. Louis) did with fair success, may be the best way to play the Wildcats.

Such teamwork plays a large part in providing Rupp with his first reliable center in years, the home-town kid Jaracz. He gets many easy baskets off passes from Conley. "They all treat Thad like a baby brother," Lancaster says. "They call him the Bear, which makes him think he is a lot tougher than he really is." Jaracz has fallen into a slump lately. "I told him," Rupp says, "that he had been making so many of those crazy shots that he thinks he is Hank Luisetti, and he's just not that kind of boy yet." A year ago the Baron would not have added the "yet."





Two views of the new and genial Baron show him signing autograph for a clowning young



admirer and grinning broadly at team practice. Such scenes stun his former Kentucky players.



Rupp has good back-up help for Jaracz in another sophomore, 6-foot-8 Cliff Berger. Jaracz beat out Berger because he has better hands and a better shot, even if he does shoot it off the wrong foot. And though he is heftier than Berger, at 230 he can keep up with his running teammates better. Berger played the last three quarters of the Tennessee game, after Jaracz got into foul trouble, and did a good job against big Red Robbins.

The shooting roommates, Dampier and Riley, are virtually unstoppable—they have been held to less than 33 points only once this season. Dampier, in fact, is such an excellent shooter that in a scrimmage earlier this year the whole team reflexively headed back on defense as soon as he threw up his jumper. When it missed and Rupp suddenly discovered his rebounders milling about in midcourt, the Baron abandoned his new mellow image for a spell.

The other scorer, Riley, "the Irishman," may be Rupp's favorite. Riley has been enamored of Kentucky since his childhood, though he comes from Schenectady, N.Y., where he was a high-school All-America quarterback. He wears contact lenses on the court, horned rims off the court, and might be accused of being Clark Kent, except that he could never fit into a phone booth to change clothes.

Trying to explain the team's success, Conley says, "It's simply that we know each other. Instinct, I guess. It's instinct. It's really lucky that we ended up together. A lot of it has been the old man, too. Let's put it this way—there have been times I hated him, but we all know what he has meant to us. Consider the abuse that he gives us in practice. Well, if you can't take it, you can't take it in a game. I think it's certain that we never would have won at a place like Mississippi State unless we had what we learned from him and what we had taken from him."

Oh, yes, about that story Louie Dampier heard and related to the Baron. It seems that Rupp, who has never been encumbered by modesty, used to teach a basketball course at UK, and he would always give all of his students straight A's. Rupp's reasoning was simply that no one could learn basketball from Adolph Rupp and not get an A. The reasoning is as sound today, although this bunch of Wildcats would deserve their A's. Teacher should get an A, too. **END**



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—if ... from page ...

the governor's, and Daley is a family man who so far has outprocreated Clark. The attorney general, a good-looking man with blue eyes, pink skin and the foresight to keep a blue TV shirt around the office for occasions such as this, read carefully from a statement—really a letter on which he had scribbled notations—that it was his opinion the licenses issued to the principals in the fight were illegal. For one thing, a corporation promoting a fight in Illinois must have 50 members and, on the face of it, the corporation promoting this fight had only two members—Bentley and Schoenwald.

Zounds! Somebody in the state of Illinois decides to look up a law and tens of thousands of fights and wrestling matches held in the past are in danger of being declared illegal. Nobody can remember when or if a corporation promoting a fight in Illinois ever had 50 members. Were Gene Tunney and Joe Louis to be stripped of their world heavyweight championships—or Ezzard Charles, or Floyd Patterson, or Sonny Liston?

There were no ready answers. Clark would not go beyond his statement. But it also appeared that the fighters had violated another part of the law, Section 23, although Clark carefully refrained from saying how. That section provides that a fighter state his correct name. Who would sign the contract—Cassius Clay or Muhammad Ali? Zounds again! Was Ray Robinson to be frisked of his title because he had not signed as Walker Smith? Or Joe Louis Barrow because he had dropped his last name?

Another section of the law provides that the applicant must be a person "of good and stable moral character, and not likely to engage in acts detrimental to the public." That would disqualify almost every title contender who ever had ventured into Illinois.

Clark was asked how he had suddenly discovered these laws that had lain fallow all these years. There was a suggestion from his questioners that an inquiry might have come from the *Chicago Tribune*, since it was now apparent that Democratic politicians in the state of Illinois were reacting to the *Tribune* like quail to the sound of buckshot. Not at all. Behind Clark was standing an indomitable little man named Vince Garrity. He is a sports announcer and a trustee of the sanitary district. (Where else but in Chicago can you find such a combination?) It was said that Garrity himself had inquired about the laws—as a private citizen, you understand, not as a Democratic politician. (It should be recorded that it actually was Dale Young, an assistant to the governor, who had made the most insistent request.)

Upstairs the Illinois Athletic Commission, though recessed, was wallowing in its problems like an elephant in quicksand. It could not make up its mind about anything, what with the law suddenly being applied and social significance raising its ugly head. "We're status-quo'd," said Radzienda, the resident intellectual who, on the commission every year but one since 1949, has never been troubled by the laws before.

Meanwhile, in a phone booth near fight headquarters, Tom Fitzpatrick, a reporter for the *Chicago Daily News*, overheard Clay's attorney, Edward Jacko, in an adjacent booth, tell his client: "We're going to say that the questions which the commission asked you were unfair, and we're going to say that you didn't know . . . the meaning of the words they were using."

There was a pause. Then Jacko resumed: "Champ, we've got to be sure that everybody up there"—in Black Muslimland, presumably—"is for it and will go along. Everybody has got to say he didn't know what he was talking about. They've got to go along. It's our only chance."

Jacko hung up the phone and walked over to a group of newspapermen. "Gentlemen," he said, "I've just talked to the champ. He wasn't able to understand the meaning of a lot of the commission's words. For example, I asked the champ if he knew the meaning of the word patriotic, and he told me he had no idea what they were talking about when the commissioners asked him that."

In the Terrell camp hopes were that the fight could be delayed or even moved elsewhere if Clay were not drafted. In his office Bennie Bentley was still fighting the good fight, but the odds were mounting against him. CANCEL CLAY FIGHT—DALEY, blared Saturday morning's *Tribune*.

"Whady a mean, is the fight on?" Bentley bellowed into a telephone. "It ain't off. And if it ain't off it's still on, ain't it?" He gulped another tranquilizer and gazed out the window. It was still only two floors down. **END**





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The intent young man on the opposite page is Jimmy Jacobs, who leads an unpublicized but many-splendored life. He is the best handball player in the world, a talented producer of fight films and a rabid collector of comic books. His achievements are such that admirers say he—not Cassius Clay—is

REALLY THE GREATEST

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

NEIL LEIFER

There is no athlete in the world who dominates his sport with the supremacy that Jimmy Jacobs of Los Angeles and New York enjoys in four-wall handball. Handball is a demanding sport that requires endurance, speed, power and dexterity, all of which the muscular Jacobs, who stands 5 feet 9 and weighs 175 pounds, has in abundance. In handball, which has more than five million devotees in the U.S., Jacobs is generally hailed as the finest player of all time. Indeed, there are those who say Jacobs is the best athlete, regardless of sport, in the country. So far, Jacobs has won six U.S. Handball Association singles championships and has shared in four USHA doubles titles. With Marty Decatur, a fellow player from the 92nd Street YMHA in New York, he forms the strongest doubles team ever seen. They are unbeatable. In four years of competition they not only have never lost a match, they have never lost a game. Even by himself, Jacobs is a great doubles player. Two and a half years ago, for instance, he played alone against Ruby and Carl Obert, two nationally ranked players, and whipped them in a 31-point game, taking only one serve to their two. But playing alone in a doubles game is nothing new for Jacobs. In the 1960 USHA doubles final he and his partner, Dick Weisman, had lost the first game and were losing the second 15–3, when Jacobs had Weisman stand in the rear of the court. Jacobs then won the second game and, with Weisman's help, the third.

In Jacobs' younger days—he is now 35—he also competed in other sports. As a teen-ager he played football, baseball and basketball. He was a good enough basketball player to be invited to an Olympic tryout. He ran the 100-yard dash in 9.8, and he was a skeet shot of championship caliber. Then and now his physical and mental abilities are such that professional athletes who know Jacobs well claim he could be a superstar in any sport. Jim Bouton, the Yankee pitcher, flatly says that Jacobs is the best athlete he has ever seen and adds, in moments of exultation, that if Jacobs played big-league ball "he would hit .500." In calmer moments Bouton merely says that Jacobs would be "the last of the .400 hitters." Cus D'Amato, the fight manager and a man ordinarily given to a squinty-eyed view of athletes, says that he has met only two men who had the aura of a champion that Jacobs has. Those men were Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson. And Bob Waterfield, the old quarterback who is known to reporters as the Sphinx and the Great Stone Face because he ordinarily never says anything, becomes a gushing chatterbox when it comes to Jacobs, his onetime handball partner. "Jimmy is by far the most coordinated athlete I've ever *continued*

seen," says Waterfield. "I don't see how anyone could be better. I've never seen an athlete like him. He is so coordinated it is impossible to tell whether he is left- or right-handed. He could be the best athlete in the world."

Away from handball, Jacobs has achieved a certain amount of standing as a collector of comic books and fight films. He has the largest collections of their kind in the world, and both have fitted into his sporting endeavors. As a youngster, Jacobs got added inspiration in sports by pretending that he was Dick Grayson, alias Robin, the Boy Wonder, combater of crime with Bruce Wayne, millionaire Gotham City playboy, secretly Batman. Today in partnership with Bill Cayton, owner of an advertising agency and a New York TV producer, Jacobs has put out any number of films of famous fights. Their latest offering, *Knockout*, is a brisk compilation of the most savage bouts available on film. As a writer, editor and producer of this and similar fight films, Jacobs earns an impressive annual income. He is in fight films not for the money, however, but because he is simply nuts about boxing. He watches films of old fights by the hour, and he can practically recite the punches thrown in any title bout. While barroom habitués might wrangle forever in argument over who was the greatest heavyweight champion, Jacobs declares for Joe Louis, and he has the films to prove it.

When Norman Mailer, the contentious novelist, first met Jacobs they got into an argument about boxing. Jacobs drubbed him so that Mailer was moved to include an account of their debate in his book, *The Presidential Papers*, where he confessed that Jacobs "ran me all over the court." In turn, *Strength and Health*, the physical culture journal, was so taken with Jacobs' build that it ran a long feature on his muscles and how they got that way.

Jacobs is busy every day, practicing handball or editing film. He leaves absolutely nothing to chance. During political campaigns he writes down the promises of every candidate, and when a politician comes up for reelection Jacobs consults his notes to see how the man has done. Friends and followers beseech Jacobs for advice on all sorts of matters, and his conversations with D'Amato, with whom he shares an apartment in New York, sometimes run very deep. "We discuss my favorite subject, fear," says D'Amato. Jacobs' interest in fear and the role it plays in winning or losing is one of the subjects he covers when giving clinics for the U.S. Handball Association. When Jacobs talks about handball he has overtones of Freud and Von Clausewitz. His listeners lap it up.

Generally, Jacobs is not the sobersides young man this would suggest. He is, in fact, a practical joker of some attainment. When he was living regularly in Los Angeles, his apartment was around the corner from a memory school. He found out the name of the director, and one day he dropped into the school, where he greeted the director with the excited cry, "George, how are you!" Flustered and embarrassed at being unable to remember Jacobs, the director fumbled for a reply. "George!" Jacobs exclaimed. "You've forgotten!" Then he left.

Once, when Jacobs took a boat to England in search of rare fight films, he signed up for lessons with a steward in the ship's three-wall handball court. He made no mention of his handball experience, and every morning at 10 he presented himself for an hour's instruction. Each day Jacobs permitted his game to improve, and after the last lesson the steward told him, "You're by far the best student I've ever had. For the first time I really feel like a teacher."

As a boy, Jacobs lived largely in his imagination. Born in St. Louis, he moved to Los Angeles with his parents when he was 5. Shortly afterward his parents were divorced, and he was raised by his mother. Always intense, he became the tetherball champion of his grade school. Until the age of 15 he was under the spell of comic books. He bought and devoured hundreds of them, and among his heroes were The Atom, Aquaman, Batman and Robin, of course, Black Hawk, Black-X, Blue Beetle, Boy Commandoes, Captain America, Captain Marvel and on and on through the alphabet. Jacobs was so exhilarated by his heroes that he began acquiring as many as 10 copies of every issue that dealt with their adventures. He read and thumbed one copy and put the other nine aside in glassine envelopes to protect their mint condition. When Jacobs went into the Army he had subscriptions to a couple dozen comic books, but he still asked his mother to buy additional copies at newsstands. The subscription copies came creased in the mail. To the permanent astonishment of his mother, Jacobs keeps an apartment in Los Angeles that is stacked with comic books, but she does not know that he also rents a storage room in a warehouse to hold the bulk of the collection. On a recent visit to L.A., Jacobs spent an afternoon sifting through his comic books, recalling where and under what circumstances he had bought certain memorable issues. Off the top of his head, Jacobs has no difficulty remembering, for instance, that Batman first appeared in issue No. 27 of *Detective Comics* and that Robin happened along in issue No. 38. He is an avid reader of the *80 Pg. Giant Batman* issued now, but he despises the television version of *Batman*. "It's a comedy," he says. "It's something to laugh at, and that hurts me."

The fine points of Batman's and Robin's adventures are so engraved on Jacobs' mind that he was outraged when their initial meeting was redrawn for an issue 15 years later. Instead of meeting with a circus ladder in the background, as was the case in the original episode, Batman and Robin were portrayed in a room. Jacobs was so vexed by this tampering with history that he told other Batman fans to disregard this blatant fraud, and he wrote an angry letter to the publisher.

"You see," Jacobs says, "I always pretended that I was Robin, the Boy Wonder. Superman I admired, but Batman and Robin were human, and everything athletic that Robin did, I tried to do. He threw a boomerang. I learned how



With a triumphant follow-through, Jacobs whips off a shot in his 1965 championship match against Dave Graybill. Jacobs won 21-12, 21-11.

to throw a boomerang. Robin was an excellent tumbler, and so I would run off diving boards to practice double flips. Robin knew jujitsu, so I took lessons. In one issue Robin swam underwater for two minutes. I didn't know if a kid could swim underwater for a minute. So I tried. I learned first that when you swim underwater you use up oxygen. So then I learned how to hold my breath underwater. Before long I could swim underwater for two minutes. I didn't want to admit that Robin could do something I couldn't do. I always envisioned myself as Robin, the Boy Wonder, or else as Dick Grayson, who had to keep himself under wraps. When I did something extraordinary in athletics I would think to myself, 'Well, I took off the wraps just to show what I could do.'

"Being Robin, the Boy Wonder, was a tremendous help to me in sports. All of us are susceptible to our emotions when under stress, and when I was younger I would think: What would Robin do? Instead of succumbing to nervous apprehension, I would transform myself into this other character who was emotionally unaffected."

At Los Angeles High School, Jacobs was rarely eligible for sports because of poor grades, especially in English. He looks back upon his academic career with regret, but at the time he simply was not interested. "He wasn't happy in anything except sports," says his mother. Instead of competing at school, he played halfback in football, shortstop in baseball and forward in basketball for the George Gershwin Chapter of the AZA, a branch of the B'nai B'rith, a national Jewish organization. The competition was keen, because any youngster, regardless of religion, could play. While Jacobs played football, the Gershwin chapter won the AZA championship three years in a row, and one year it won all three major team championships.

At 15, Jacobs had largely given up pretending that he was Robin, the Boy Wonder, and began searching for new mental approaches to victory. He tried various techniques. In the AZA basketball finals one year Jacobs scored on a layup to tie the game just before the buzzer sounded. However, he had been fouled making the shot and was given one free throw. If he made it his team won the championship; if he missed the game went into overtime.

"I asked for a time-out," Jacobs says. "I wanted to know how I was going to conduct myself mentally. The fellows thought I had called time to catch my breath, but I was trying to select which mental image I wanted at the foul line. My coach had once told me that in an important situation on the free-throw line the thing that will destroy you is overconcentration. He always impressed on us that a free throw was easy, and that you should conduct yourself as though you were in practice. So I decided on my mental image in this case, I was going to walk up to the line and shoot the shot just as if it were a warmup, as though the referee said I had one to practice before shooting the real one. I went up to the line, the referee gave me the ball and I made the shot."

When Jacobs was 19 he began playing four-wall handball

continued

at the Hollywood YMCA. Art Linkletter, the TV master of ceremonies, had been playing the sport at the Y for a number of years, and when Jacobs first started Linkletter had no trouble beating him. But Jacobs was determined to be the best. Since the courts were closed on Sundays, he got in to practice by himself by leaping from the gallery. Naturally right-handed, he spent hours in front of a mirror at home practicing left-hand returns. "I don't know where he got it from," says his mother, "but he has an ungodly amount of drive, enthusiasm and determination."

Whenever Jacobs passed the May Company department store he would stop for five minutes to check his handball form in the reflection of a large window. "People used to think I was kooky," he says. Within several months, however, he had no trouble thrashing Linkletter or anyone else in Los Angeles. Linkletter and several other enthusiasts, sensing that they had a prodigy in their midst, raised a pot and sent Jacobs to the junior nationals in Bremerton, Wash., where he won the singles title. At the time Jacobs was also playing AAU basketball for a printing company, and he was good enough to be invited to try out for the Olympic team. He declined, to concentrate on handball.

While on a trip to Chicago with the basketball team in 1950, Jacobs managed to wangle a singles game against Gus Lewis, the former national champion. Then and now, Chicago is the spiritual capital of handball in the U.S. because of the efforts of Robert Kendler, a multimillionaire home remodeler. Kendler was (and is) so crazy about handball that he had a dozen of the best players in the country working for him, including Lewis, and he had built the Town Club of Chicago as a place for them to practice. After Lewis played Jacobs at the club he called his boss, Kendler, and said, "I've just played a kid who doesn't know what he's doing, and for a kid who doesn't know what he's doing he's a hell of a handball player."

Kendler immediately hired Jacobs as a home remodeling salesman, put him into an apartment with Billy Baier, co-holder of the national doubles title and had him practice at the club with the rest of the handball players in his off hours. "My real schooling was with this group," Jacobs says. "There were 10 to 15 guys I couldn't get 10 points off of, and they all taught me. Gus Lewis taught me about anticipation. Ken Schneider, the national singles champ, taught me a lot about the danger of letting up in a game. Frank Coyle, who had dethroned Joe Platak, one of the top players in the history of the sport, gave me a real lesson. When I was young I hit the ball like a son of a gun. Frank came in. He was much older, and he let his brain and soft play completely neutralize my power. He just brained me to death, and he opened up an area in handball I had never explored."

Jacobs spent a year and a half in Chicago, then he was drafted. He served as a rifleman with the First Cavalry Division in Japan and Korea. In his younger days he used to get involved in fights, and he had the most memorable one of his life in Japan with the company bully. "He was huge," Jacobs says. "But when I saw what kind of a guy he was I had to get him." When the fight was over Jacobs had lost his two front teeth, but the bully spent a month in the hospital with a broken jaw and collarbone. Nowadays Jacobs avoids fights. Not long ago, when he got into an exchange with a motorist in New York, the stranger jumped from his car and offered to punch Jacobs in the mouth. "Gee, mister," Jacobs pleaded, "don't hit me. I've got a heart condition. You might kill me." The stranger was all apologies.



In a rare spare moment Jacobs pores over back issues of "Batman." As a youth he pretended he was Robin, the Boy Wonder.

After his discharge, Jacobs returned to Los Angeles, where he worked as a salesman for a business machine company. When he applied for the job he told the owner of the firm, Murray Spivak, that he wanted to be the sales chief. Spivak made him a salesman and, to prove his worth, Jacobs spent the first couple of weeks learning the business and then went out and made 18 sales in one day, topping the company's record. What astounded Spivak was that Jacobs made the sales during a hailstorm. "With the

hail, I couldn't see how he could even make 18 calls," says Spivak. "With his personality, he was perfect for sales."

At the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Jacobs applied himself just as diligently to handball. In 1953 he competed in his first nationals and finished fifth. In 1954 he was third, and in 1955, playing on his home court in L.A., he won the singles, defeating Vic Hershkowitz.

Up until this victory, handball had largely been a power game of kills but Jacobs, having mastered the soft game with ceiling shots, forced Hershkowitz to the rear of the court where he could not make his slambang kills. In handball circles Jacobs' play in this match was as revolutionary to the sport as Dorais' passes to Rockne were to football. Jacobs is the first to admit that Hershkowitz was no longer at his peak when they met—using a boxing analogy, Jacobs likens the match to the Marciano-Louis fight—but most handballers now agree Jacobs has such a complete mastery of the game, from soft stuff to kills, that he would have beaten Hershkowitz at his best.

In 1956 Jacobs again won the national singles, defeating Johnny Sloan of Chicago in the semis and Hershkowitz again in the finals. In 1957, Jacobs beat Sloan again in the semis and Hershkowitz for the third time in the finals. In 1958 he had to forfeit the finals when he was injured in a collision in a doubles match. The next year Jacobs did not play because of a baffling heart condition. Examination finally revealed that he was breathing too deeply and taking too much oxygen into the blood stream, causing his heart to flutter. Now whenever the trouble arises he breathes into a paper bag for a few minutes. In this way he inhales his own carbon dioxide, thus burning up the excess oxygen. (Occasionally, Jacobs also has been troubled by muscle spasms in his back. Two weeks ago he lost to Buzz Shumate in a match at Dallas; a few weeks before he had beaten Shumate, 21–5, 21–2.) In 1960 Jacobs returned to the national singles and beat defending champion Sloan. He withdrew in 1961 because of a torn tendon, and in 1962 and 1963 he passed up the singles to win in the doubles with Decatur. But in 1964, when Decatur got married on the first day of the tournament, Jacobs returned to the singles. He wanted to vanquish Oscar Obert, who had won the championship the previous two years from Johnny Sloan.

Jacobs has a sharp rivalry with Oscar and his brothers, Ruby and Carl, who were the kings of the four-wall courts in New York until Jacobs began working there in 1960. When one of the Oberts plays, his other two brothers and mother and father are usually in the gallery to shout support, and Jacobs loves nothing more than to crush an Obert before the rest of the family.

As per custom, Jacobs trained for the singles by playing practice matches against two opponents simultaneously. He met Oscar in the finals and won easily. "I didn't want people to think I gave up singles because of Oscar Obert," he says with some finality.

Last year Jacobs again entered the singles, and this time he defeated Dave Graybill, who has had a sensational rise in handball after winning a record 11 letters in football, basketball and baseball at Arizona State. What happened in this match was best described by *Ace*, the official magazine of the U.S. Handball Association, which features Jacobs about as often as *Osservatore Romano* quotes the Pope.

"Dave is an all-out, aggressive, offensive-minded player and through his sheer determination, quickness and power has been able to become one of the nation's ranking players," *Ace* reported in an article entitled, "What We Learn from Watching Champions." "But the things he [Graybill] could get away with in competition against some top-drawer performers were his downfall against the complete game . . . of Jim Jacobs." There followed the usual pacans to Jacobs that readers of *Ace* have come to expect.

From time to time, Jacobs travels the country holding clinics for the U.S. Handball Association, which Kendler formed in 1950 after breaking away from the AAU. To the surprise of most players who hear him for the first time, Jacobs does not dote on techniques, such as how to serve, but on what he calls handball concepts.

"Every player is different physically," Jacobs says, "so what is good for one man may be bad for another. Instead of trying to change their swings or serves, I tell them when to go on offense and when to go on defense. There are certain basic rules, and if you violate them and your opponent does not you simply cannot win. For example, never return the ball to the front wall first unless you intend to end the volley on that particular shot, because the ball gets back to the server too quickly. Also, whenever possible, take the ball out of the air to keep your opponent in the backcourt. The man closest to the front wall is the man on the offense. I believe I'm effective because my opponents can't get me out of the front of the court.

"Another concept in handball is to make your opponent hit every ball with his weak arm. If your right hand is your strong arm, it's your right hand that wins games and the left that loses them. Unfortunately, many young players have developed their weak arm to the point where it looks as good as their stronger arm, and if the ball is just a fraction to the left of the middle of the court, they'll hit it with their left arm. In the beginning they might do all right but, after playing an hour or two, the basic weakness of the arm begins to show. But there are players who will continue to play with both hands just to get the oohs and ahs.

"I'm supposed to have arms of equal strength, but I really look upon my right hand, my strong hand, as the sword and the left as the shield. I tell players that when they have a comfortable, convenient choice to use their stronger arm."

Jacobs has no qualms about giving pointers to anyone. "The more powerful I make my competition, the better I'm going to get," he says. "I've always believed that if anyone were physically better than I was in a sport I could make up for it by giving more mental effort. This is where contests

continued

are won or lost. To me, mental effort is it. When something happens in an athletic contest that you don't understand, when there are tremendous upsets with no justification, the answer is always, *always*, in the mental attitudes of the winning and losing teams or individuals.

"Sports fans always measure everything by what they can see with their eyes, but countless times winning is the result of proper mental application. In practice, for instance, I can make the back-wall kill 10 out of 10 times with either hand. There is no pressure. Now put 500 people in the gallery and a TV camera there, too, and say, 'Do it again, Jim, only this time it's for the world championship.' What is it that changes? *I've* already demonstrated that I can do it. So once I've convinced myself that I can do what has to be done physically, I then have to control my emotions.

"When I go to play in a championship match I meet an old friend I call Mr. Emotion. He is very predictable. When I want to win very badly he comes right into my body. But so that he doesn't interfere with what I'm trying to accomplish, I have to take more time in the service box, I have to make more conscious efforts to give my arms clear instructions. The way I react to Mr. Emotion is not to get apprehensive. He is nothing but a feeling, and he is there to let me know how important this match is to me. He acts as a reminder to me that the application of the physical talent that I have is under the complete dominance of what I call my control system, my brain, and that the orders that come out of this control system have to be very clear and explicit, just as if I were addressing some small child.

All handball players look upon themselves as one identity trying to beat an opponent, but this couldn't be farther from the truth. I have a doubles team right here in my two hands. Each member of this team has assets and liabilities. The control system knows where the strengths and weaknesses of these two hands, Mr. Right and Mr. Left, lie. I expect each one of these hands to show a consideration to the other just like members of a real doubles team do. The only difference between a doubles team and these two gentlemen is that these two hands have one control system, and a doubles team has two control systems. My right hand expects Mr. Left to protect him and never allow any setups. If Mr. Left makes an error and sets up a shot that loses the volley, the control system up here in my brain will always make the necessary corrections so Mr. Left doesn't lose the game before Mr. Right can win it. If Mr. Left does his part and shields Mr. Right, then Mr. Left expects Mr. Right to win the match for him.

"In a game the personalities of the two hands are completely different. Mr. Left is disturbed very easily because he's mechanical, and if he makes a good shot during play, in my mind, I'll compliment him. I'll say, 'That's it! Beauty!' Never out loud, of course. I never permit anyone to know what's going on inside my control system."

Jacobs' control over his control system is so complete that he likes, in his words, "to plan an important match as though I were a Hollywood writer, and then have it come out that way. When I plan, I don't worry whether I am going to win or not, but I plan *how* I'm going to win, meaning the type of play I'm going to employ in order to get the desired result."

If a match is not going the way Jacobs scripted it—and this does not necessarily mean that he is behind—he asks for a time-out so he can summon up the appropriate mental image to get his game going. Instead of becoming Robin, the Boy Wonder, Jacobs now thinks of athletes under stress who persevered. This may be Archie Moore, Sandy Koufax or anyone else who has withstood tremendous pressure.

Ordinarily, Jacobs does not discuss his mental processes at length with other athletes—"They'd think I was a little berserk," he says—but he talks about them for hours on end with D'Amato. D'Amato has long been intrigued by the workings of the mind under stress in sports, and he says of Jacobs, "Jimmy is one of the few people who have a good grasp of fear. Like me, he feels that fear is necessary for the success of an athlete. This pressure that all athletes are subjected to prior to competition is a necessary and natural part of competing, and Jimmy understands it as nature's way of preparing him for that which he must do. Jimmy doesn't allow fear to intimidate him. *He uses it*. It makes him aware. Jimmy makes a complete analysis of what needs to be done in a game, and then he fits himself into the requirements, and his ability to do this reflects tremendous determination on his part. The more I studied this guy, the more impressed I became. He is extraordinary. He not only has an excellent mind, but a tremendous physique and stamina. I have never met an athlete like him."

As a youngster in L.A., Jacobs was always fascinated by boxing, and when he was 14 he bought his first film of a fight, the first Louis-Walcott bout, to find out who really won. After giving the decision to Walcott, Jacobs began acquiring films of other fights. He bought and traded films with collectors and museums around the world. Many films had never been seen before; they had lain in pictorial limbo for years because federal law from 1912 to 1940 prohibited the interstate shipment of fight films. The law had been passed as a result of the race riots that took place all over the country after Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries.

In addition to obtaining films, Jacobs also began acquiring the legal rights to show them for exhibition purposes. Whenever he traveled to give clinics for USHA, he prefaced his remarks by telling the gallery of his interest in fight films and asking for leads. After one clinic at the Multnomah Athletic Club in Portland, Ore., an elderly man told Jacobs that he had a copy of a very old film. Jacobs agreed to see it, and the man brought out a shoe box containing the 32-mm. print of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons heavyweight championship at Carson City in 1897. This was the first heavyweight title bout ever photographed by motion-picture cameras—it was also the fight in which Fitzsimmons introduced his solar-plexus punch—and all copies supposedly

continued

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had vanished. In fact, the print Jacobs saw was so fragile it threatened to crumble to the touch. Jacobs made a deal for it and sent the print to a lab where it was softened and a negative print made.

In 1959 a collector in Australia wrote Jacobs that he had a copy of the Johnson-Willard fight film. No other copy was known, and the price was $5,000. Jacobs got in touch with Bill Cayton in New York, who was the producer of a TV series, *Greatest Fights of the Century*, and Cayton agreed to advance the money. Jacobs flew to Australia, inspected the film and bought it. He took it to New York where he agreed to pool his collection with Cayton's and go into business with him.

Cayton and Jacobs now have three production companies: Greatest Fights of the Century, Inc., which is preparing a brand-new series with 90 fights never before shown on TV, including the Johnson-Burns bout; Big Fights, Inc., which produces mostly TV previews of heavyweight championship fights, and Knockout, Inc., which produced *Knockout*. Jacobs is also working on another motion-picture feature, a history of the heavyweight championship from Corbett to Clay. As Jacobs sees it, the film will include not only clips from championship fights themselves but human-interest footage showing fighters away from the ring, such as Max Baer clowning on the beach and Jack Dempsey getting beat up by Charlie Chaplin.

"This will be the greatest thing I've ever done," says Jacobs with a Hollywood flair. "It will be sensational, and the thing that will make it unique is not the fights, but the pictures away from the ring. By the time the challenger and champion walk into the ring, you'll know what kind of people they are." Jacobs is halfway through the picture, which will take him two years to complete.

"Jimmy's supremacy over the rest of the world in fight films is greater than his supremacy in handball," says Cayton. "In handball there are players half as good, but in fight films there is no one a tenth as good."

D'Amato and Jacobs first met in 1960 because of their mutual interest in boxing. D'Amato had long contended that most oldtime fighters of the pre-World War I era were bums, and Jacobs agreed. Nowadays, the two of them often spend hours shaking their heads over the likes of Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and Jacobs occasionally irritates oldtime fans by noting the inadequacies of their heroes in articles he writes for *The Ring Magazine*.

"I have seen every fighter from Corbett to Clay under the Marquess of Queensberry Rules," he says, "and when some guy 93 years old tells me he also has seen Corbett and Clay the difference is that I don't have to use my memory to go back 69 years. I'm talking about fighters I saw on the screen last night."

While Jacobs' selection of Louis as the best heavyweight champion ever is not particularly surprising, his choice of the most underrated fighter of all time is. He is Jimmy Bivins, a heavyweight campaigner of the '40s. As for Cassius Clay, Jacobs says, "He's not 'the greatest,' but he's a wonderful fighter, and it would take the greatest to handle him. His strong point is his tremendous hand and leg speed, tremendous especially for a man who is 6 feet 3 and weighs 215 pounds. His confidence is intimidating to the people he fights. But the thing that eventually will hurt him is that he is overconfident. And this, when everything else is equal, is the deciding factor in a contest. When he does lose, it will be a startling loss to someone he and everybody else underestimated."

In Jacobs' opinion, the best fighter, regardless of weight division, was Sugar Ray Robinson. Jacobs has a film of Robinson boxing a 6-foot featherweight in the 1939 Golden Gloves. With the eye of an unrivaled connoisseur, Jacobs proclaims the sixth Robinson-LaMotta fight as the finest match he has ever seen and, in his opinion, the first Marciano-Walcott fight was the most thrilling heavyweight bout. As might be expected of a man of Jacobs' acumen, he knows styles backward, and he is able to spot flaws in the styles of fighters working these days. On occasion, he will tell one what he is doing wrong. The fighter usually pays no attention. END

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

While pro scouts were watching a small-college tournament in Greensboro, N.C., many of the nation's big teams were still scrambling for conference titles. Among those in contention: Atlantic Coast, Ivy, Big Ten, Big Eight, Southwest, AAWU, West Coast AC and Western AC.

THE TOURNAMENTS

The fields for the two major postseason events were shaping up. The NCAA had 14 of its 23 teams in hand and merely had to wait for the end of some conference races to fill out the roster. Kentucky (SEC), Davidson (Southern), St. Joseph's (Mid-Atlantic), Cincinnati (Missouri Valley), Western Kentucky (Ohio Valley) and Miami of Ohio (Mid-American) all clinched last week to join independents Providence (21–3), Syracuse (19–4), Dayton (21–4), Loyola of Chicago (21–2), Texas Western (22–0), Oklahoma City (23–4), Houston (20–5) and Colorado State (13–7) in the four regional playoffs.

New York's NIT, meanwhile, was busy gathering in some pretty good leftovers for the 14-team tournament which begins March 10 in Madison Square Garden. Defending champion St. John's (18–5) was already in, along with Virginia Tech (19–4), Boston College (18–4), Penn State (17–4), Temple (20–6), DePaul (17–6) and Army (16–6). Possibilities for the remaining eight places: independents Fairfield (17–5), Detroit (17–6), Manhattan (12–7), Georgetown (15–8), NYU (13–9), Villanova (13–10) and the runners-up in the Missouri Valley (Bradley, Wichita State, St. Louis or Louisville), West Coast AC (probably San Francisco) and Western AC (most likely Brigham Young).

THE SOUTH 1. KENTUCKY (23-0) 2. DUKE (20-3) 3. VANDERBILT (21-3)

The name given to DAVIDSON's Dick Snyder—"Superhorse"—comes from Bucky Waters, the West Virginia coach. This is Waters' first year as head man at Morgantown and he is already one of the better seers around. In Charlotte last week he took his defending champion Mountaineers to the finals of the Southern Conference tournament and met Superhorse and the sophomores of Davidson. The teams had split during the season, West Virginia coming strong at the end, and Davidson had the deserved reputation of blowing sky-high in these playoffs. But *this* Davidson team was different. With tall sophomores Rod Knowles and Tom Youngdale ruling the boards and the 6-foot-5 Snyder superhorsing it all over the place, Davidson rode out to a 56–40 lead with 13 minutes left. The Mountaineers rallied to within two points behind Ron Williams' dazzling passing, but Davidson did not fold. The 'Cats scored six straight and won going away 80–69, Snyder getting 27 points. "He puts the gun against your head. Relentless is the word for him," said Waters.

DUKE supporters were having second thoughts. The flat Blue Devils were upset by WAKE FOREST in overtime 99–98 before redeeming themselves in a sharp 77–63 win over North Carolina. NORTH CAROLINA STATE looked tough, running away from Furman 130–77 and Wake Forest twice, 101–75 and 125–100. Duke meets Wake Forest and State faces Virginia in the ACC tournament Thursday in Raleigh.

KENTUCKY (*page 20*) was finally in the NCAA tournament, so all VANDERBILT could do after a 117–97 win over Georgia was to announce it was retiring Clyde Lee's jersey number—43. WESTERN KENTUCKY looked forward to a rougher road in the NCAA after ripping Eastern Kentucky 72–67 and Murray 71–59 to win the Ohio Valley championship.

THE MIDWEST 1. KANSAS (20-3) 2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (21-2) 3. MICHIGAN (16-6)

It was "Smash Nebraska Week" in Lawrence. KANSAS students hauled an old car onto the campus, named it Nebraska and invited loyal Jayhawkers to destroy it with a sledgehammer. Coach Ted Owens struck the first blow and barely made a dent but his players outdid him. With 17,000 jammed into Phog Allen Field House, they smashed the Huskers 110–73, scored the most points ever made by a Kansas team and took a half-game lead in the Big Eight race. It was a case of the swift beating the zone press. Owens had said, "We must make Nebraska pay for spreading its defense all over the

continued

SHOWCASE IN GREENSBORO

Enthusiasm bubbled like fresh champagne last week when 7,815 gathered in the Greensboro (N.C.) Coliseum for the finals of the 21st annual tournament of the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association, a sprawling 18-team conference of Negro schools from four states and the District of Columbia. This is one tournament pro scouts attend en masse, looking for another Sam Jones or Al Attles, both discovered there. The prize was a spot in the NCAA college-division playoffs and the top-seeded favorite was Norfolk State, a run-and-gun team which had won the regular-season championship and averaged 103.3 points a game. Coach Ernie Fears's theory is that "something has to happen every seven seconds." He says, "We run and we like a lot of points. It gets more people in the act." The best part of the Norfolk act is 6-foot-5 Pop Pitts, a burly 240-pounder who attacks the boards viciously and tramples everyone in sight to get to the basket. Pitts scored 34 points as the Spartans clobbered Maryland State 125–100 and 31 in a 116–90 win over Delaware State to put Norfolk into the final against Winston-Salem State (19–4). The pride of the Rams was Earl Monroe, a slim, 6-foot-2 junior backcourt man from Philadelphia who already has the pros drooling. He had scored 67 points while Winston-Salem was beating J. C. Smith 96–86 and Howard 85–84 in overtime. But Coach Clarence (Bighouse) Gaines knew he had to stop Norfolk's runners. So his men played ball control and they cut off the Spartans' fast break by matching Pitts in rebounds. Still, Norfolk led 55–50 early in the first half. Then Monroe, whirling in jump shots and layups (*right*), took the Rams on a 19–4 spree that killed off the Spartans. Monroe finished with 42 points and Winston-Salem won 87–80. "That Earl," said Bighouse admiringly, "he just can't stand to lose."



court," and his team did. Al Lopes, Del Lewis and Jo-Jo White broke away from the double-teaming Huskers for easy shots; Roger Bohnenstiehl, in for foul-plagued Walt Wesley, scored 24 points, and the aroused Jayhawkers led 58–34 at the half. After that it was a breeze. Kansas did some pressing of its own at half-court to force Nebraska's ball handlers toward the sidelines, and the frustrated Huskers rarely got an easy shot. "It was just like the NCAA finals to us," crowed Wesley.

CINCINNATI's young Tay Baker must have felt that way, too, when his Bearcats, picked for seventh in preseason polls, beat Drake 56–49 at home to win the Missouri Valley title. "These guys didn't believe it," said Baker happily. There was good reason, however, for his players' wariness. Earlier the Bearcats had lost to WICHITA STATE 86–76 on the road and the Shockers still had a chance to catch them. But then Wichita State, which almost never wins away from home, had to go to LOUISVILLE, where it was hurried 81–66 as 6-foot-8 Westley Unseld scored 27 points and gathered in 30 rebounds. Now the fight was for second and NIT bids. Bradley, St. Louis and Wichita State were all still in it.

Just when Michigan had the Big Ten race all tidied up, IOWA sliced through the Wolves' half-court zone press and then pressured them into a 91–82 upset to give Michigan State another chance. But MICHIGAN's Dave Strack learned something from the loss. The next time out, against Purdue, he went after the Boilermakers full-court—alternating three, then two men up front—from the start and the Wolves buried Purdue 105–85, despite 37 points by Dave Schellhase, the nation's No. 1 scorer. Cazzie Russell had 33 and John Clawson 30 for Michigan. But MICHIGAN STATE, playing Coach John Benington's methodical defense, was only a game behind after struggling past Illinois 68–66 and Indiana 69–63.

For a while things were sticky for MIAMI OF OHIO in the Mid-American. But Toledo, a surprising challenger, lost to sixth-place WESTERN MICHIGAN 74–72 in triple overtime. Then Miami, intent on giving retiring Coach Dick Shrider a suitable going-away present, settled everything by beating the upstart Rockets 79–72 to clinch the championship. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO, warming up for the NCAA, belted North Central 112–49 while DAYTON beat DePaul 77–73.

THE WEST 1. UTAH (20-5) 2. OREGON STATE (17-8) 3. PACIFIC (19-8)

SAN FRANCISCO beat St. Mary's 88–67, and surprising PACIFIC took Santa Clara 73–68 en route to their return match on the Dons' court. And those who pooh-poohed the Tigers' first win over San Francisco had nothing left to say. Dave Fox, a 6-foot-1 guard, took care of Pacific's offense early with 22 points and Bob Krulish forced USF's Joe Ellis off stride on jumpers as Pacific moved to a 72–62 lead. The Dons had to foul, and Fox hit 10 straight free throws to finish with 32 points. Pacific won 82–71, had a one-game lead in the WCAC, but still had to get by San Jose State before thinking seriously about the NCAAs.

OREGON STATE was also a game away, in the AAWU. The Beavers like to play catch for minutes at a time and wait for the percentage shot, and that is how they beat Washington State 54–47. UCLA took California 95–79 and Stanford 70–58, but all the talk is of next year and Lew Alcindor. Said Stanford's Howie Dallmar after watching the 7-foot UCLA freshman in action: "Everything I've heard about him is an understatement."

In the WAC, UTAH was two steps closer to a championship but didn't know if it could go further. Six-foot-7 starter George Fisher broke his leg in a pileup when teammate Jerry Chambers drove against New Mexico and sent four men sprawling. The Utes beat Wyoming 107–103 and the Lobos 91–80, and had one game left, at Brigham Young. ARIZONA, after beating Arizona State 91–80, could tie Utah, but has road games with New Mexico and Wyoming. Independent New Mexico State has another kind of problem, a coach who has vanished. Having lost three players—one quit, one was hurt, one flunked—Jim McGregor went "somewhere east." Nobody knows where.

THE EAST 1. ST. JOSEPH'S (21-4) 2. PROVIDENCE (21-3) 2. SYRACUSE (18-4)

When DAYTON and Houston, two outlanders with glossy records, were paired off in New York's Madison Square Garden last week they started even. Both had the Garden jitters, a malady common among visitors, but Houston's lasted longer. While Coach Guy Lewis writhed helplessly on the bench, clutching his red-and-white towel, the Cougars shot miserably, defended even more miserably and were behind 37–21 at half time. Six-foot-8 sophomore Elvin Hayes—they call him the Big E in Houston—had handled 6-foot-11 Henry Finkel easily, but Donnie May, a stylish sophomore with a slick touch, led the Cougars a merry chase. When Houston did begin to come around it was too late. Although Hayes outscored Finkel 22 points to seven, May put in 27 and the Flyers won 71–69.

Hometown NYU and Manhattan put on a better show. The Violets, yearning desperately for a place in the NIT, defended tenaciously against Manhattan's pattern offense and Mal Graham's 20-point shooting brought down the Jaspers 59–53. Then LIU, 19–2 and in the NCAA college-division tournament, had a bitter surprise for NYU. The Blackbirds upset the Violets 65–63 to tie Manhattan for the Met Conference lead.

The big teams in the East, safely in tournaments, kept on winning. ST. JOSEPH'S rolled over Lafayette 108–80 and Xavier 101–83, and PROVIDENCE beat Loyola of New Orleans 70–43 and Holy Cross 81–72. SYRACUSE, leading the country with a 100.2 average, took Creighton 114–104 and Westminster 100–66, and PENN STATE defeated Bucknell 66–57 and Pitt 89–57. BOSTON COLLEGE trounced little Tufts 94–66 in the Beanpot Tournament and then battered Seton Hall 112–77. ST. JOHN'S and TEMPLE, however, had it rougher. The Redmen took Massachusetts 80–73 but needed Bob McIntyre's two foul shots at the very end to hold off tough Marquette 70–68. Temple beat Penn 71–64 and then just slipped past Rhode Island, the Yankee Conference leader, 92–89.

ARMY, GEORGETOWN and VILLANOVA were busy enhancing their NIT chances. Navy, in Coach Ben Carnevale's last game (he goes to NYU as athletic director), was no match for the Cadets. Army shot a neat 54.8%, made its first 24 foul shots and hammered the Middies 70–56. Georgetown beat Seton Hall 102–93 and then squeezed past Fairfield 77–75. Villanova, coming on now, swept Niagara 79–61 and Memphis State 84–78.

At week's end the Ivy League was still up in the air. PENN thought it had the title in the bag after it shook off 32 points by Columbia's 7-foot Dave Newmark to beat the second-place Lions 83–68, but the Quakers got trapped up in Ithaca. CORNELL, shelled by PRINCETON 84–62 the night before, beat Penn 81–76. That gave COLUMBIA, a 67–62 winner over the Tigers on Saturday, another chance to tie.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS WESTERN (22-0) 2. HOUSTON (20-5) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (23-4)

TEXAS WESTERN seems to enjoy letting opponents get within striking distance of the Miners' unbeaten streak and then blowing them out of the gym. Western was behind West Texas 35–34 with 16 minutes left before Bobby Joe Hill and Orsten Artis double-teamed Buffalo ace Gail Simpson. That broke the game open, Texas Western winning 78–64. Next Colorado State was up by five with 15:05 to go, but the Miners scored 11 straight and coasted 72–55.

Around its beating by Dayton, HOUSTON crushed Texas Wesleyan 152–108 and Portland 109–84. OKLAHOMA CITY was lolling on the beach at Waikiki between victories over the University of Hawaii.

The SWC, almost conceded to Texas A&M three weeks ago, was tied after SMU beat the Aggies at Dallas 82–65. Carroll Hooser's 20 points and 11 rebounds helped, but it was his defensive work on A&M's John Beasley that counted the most. Beasley got only 16 points. TEXAS A&M easily defeated Rice 93–65, but SMU needed Denny Holman's layup with seconds to go to beat Texas 71–69 and stay in the tie. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA BOSTON (46–23) boosted its lead in the East to 1½ games over the 76ers with four straight wins before a loss to the Bullets PHILADELPHIA (44–24), only half a game out a week earlier, won three and lost two while CINCINNATI (41–27) and NEW YORK (27–39) each split four for the week. In the Western Division LOS ANGELES (38–31) won two and lost to the Celtics 115–108. Second-place BALTIMORE (33–36), five games back, split with Philadelphia, then beat the Celtics 132–92. SAN FRANCISCO (30–39) and ST LOUIS (28–37) each won one out of three, while DETROIT (19–50) lost four in a row.

BOATING—"The roughest race I ever saw," said JERRY LANGER of Miami Beach after being declared winner of the 172-mile Sam Griffith Memorial ocean race for powerboats, run off Florida's east coast in 8-to-10-foot seas and 23-mph winds. Langer, in his 20-foot dual-engine outboard, and former world champion ocean racer Jim Wynne, driving a 32-foot aluminum craft with two 445-hp gas turbine engines, were the only two entrants out of 31 to complete the race. Wynne actually came in first, but race officials considered his boat experimental and ruled him ineligible for the title. Current world champion Dick Bertram's 36-foot *Brave Wapple*, valued at $100,000, sank while leading 40 miles from the start.

BOWLING—SKEE FOREMSKY of El Paso won his first PBA title in four years when he defeated Dave Davis of Phoenix 211–204 to win the $7,500 first prize in the $40,000 Las Vegas Open.

FIGURE SKATING—PEGGY FLEMING of Colorado Springs took the world title from Canada's Petra Burka, the defending champion, in Davos, Switzerland (*page 58*), while Austria's EMMERICH DANZER, the European champion, won the men's title. His countryman Wolfgang Schwarz, placed second, with Gary Visconti of Detroit third and Scott Allen of Smoke Rise, N.J. fourth. The Russian husband-and-wife team, LYUDMILA and OLEG PROTOPOPOV, retained its pairs championship, while another Russian pair, Tatiana Zhuk and Aleksandr Gorelik, placed second. The youthful sister and brother from Seattle, Cynthia and Ronald Kauffman, were surprise bronze medalists and Britain's BERNARD FORD and DIANE TOWLER took the ice-dancing title.

HOCKEY—NHL MONTREAL (31–16–7) took three games to run its winning streak to five and zipped into a tie for first place with CHICAGO (31–18–7), winner of two out of three. Bobby Hull was shut out by a fourth-string rookie goalie—19-year-old Al Smith—in a 3–2 loss to the Maple Leafs but scored a goal apiece in his next two games to lift his total to 49, just two shy of breaking the season record. DETROIT (26–21–9) slumped eight points away from the lead by losing three games and ended the week only three points ahead of fourth-place TORONTO (25–20–8), which won two and tied one. NEW YORK (14–33–9), with a 1–1–1 record, tiptoed out of the cellar as BOSTON (15–34–6) lost all three games it played.

HORSE RACING—BILL SHOEMAKER, hopping from coast to coast, won three stakes races in three days and then, after a day off, took the Santa Anita Handicap. He rode unbeaten SABER MOUNTAIN ($3.60) to victory by a head in the $62,900 San Felipe Handicap (*page 56*) at Santa Anita, and the next day was aboard Ogden Phipps's BUCKPASSER ($2.40) for another win by a head in Hialeah's $30,400 Everglades. Back in California a day later Shoemaker won the Santa Barbara Handicap with STRAIGHT DEAL ($11.60) by three lengths, and on Saturday rode LUCKY DEBONAIR ($8.20) to a length victory in the $145,000 Santa Anita Handicap. For his week's work, Shoemaker earned $18,851.

At Pimlico IMPRESSIVE ($3.40), a stablemate of Buckpasser and another Phipps candidate for the Derby, won the $27,700 Pimlico Handicap by three lengths over Quinta.

KENTUCKY JUG ($7.20), ridden by Bill Boland, gave Calumet Farm its first win in a $100,000 race since 1962 when he won the $103,800 Hialeah Turf Cup in Miami by 2¼ lengths over Walnut Hill Farm's Pillatdelbun.

MOTOR SPORTS—RICHARD PETTY of Randleman, N.C. won the Daytona 500, cut to 495 miles because of rain—by averaging 160 mph (*page 24*).

SKIING—NORWAY took five gold medals in the world Nordic championships in Oslo as BJORN WIRKOLA, a 22-year-old shipping clerk, won both the Holmenkollen Hill special 90-meter and the 70-meter jumps, and 24-year-old GJERMUND EGGEN took two individual cross-country gold medals—the 50 kilometer and 15-kilometer—and anchored the winning 40-kilometer relay team (*page 51*). EERO MANTYRANTA of Finland was the winner of the men's 30-kilometer cross-country. West Germany's GEORG THOMA gained the Nordic combined title (consisting of jumping and a 15-kilometer race) for the fourth straight year and immediately announced his retirement. Russia swept the three women's cross-country events as ALEVTINA KOLCHINA took the five-kilometer and CLAUDIA BOYARSKIKH the 10-kilometer and the 15-kilometer relay.

SLED DOGS—DR CHARLES BELFORD of Deerfield, Mass. won the world championship at Laconia, N.H. for the third straight year.

SQUASH RACQUETS—MRS NEWTON MEADE JR., 29, a housewife from Philadelphia, defeated defending champion Joyce Davenport, 24, also of Philadelphia, 15–11, 11–15, 15–7, 15–12, to take the U.S. women's singles title in Hartford, Conn.

SWIMMING—KAREN MUIR, a 13-year-old South African, regained her 110-yard world backstroke mark—broken by ½₀ of a second (1:08.6) only five days earlier by Ann Fairlie, 16, another South African swimmer—when she recorded a 1:08.3 in a Durban (South Africa) meet. Miss Muir set her original backstroke record last August.

TENNIS—Stockbroker CHUCK McKINLEY of Port Washington, N.Y. beat Puerto Rico's Charles Pasarell in the last match of the Vanderbilt International Invitation Round Robin Tournament in New York to clinch the title with 219 points.

TRACK & FIELD—Australia's RON CLARKE said he would set a new world record in the two-mile at the Golden Gate indoor meet in San Francisco and he did. His 8:28.8 smashed Jim Beatty's 1963 mark by two seconds. In other events JIM GRELLE of Portland, Ore. set a new meet record with a 4:00.3 mile, and ART WALKER of the Southern California Striders broke the hop-step-and-jump meet mark with a 52-foot 5¼-inch leap. LENNOX MILLER, a Jamaican studying at USC, ran the 60-yard dash in six seconds flat, ⅒ of a second off the world record.

In the Big Eight meet in Kansas City, JIM RYUN, the 18-year-old freshman from Kansas, ran the first sub-four-minute mile in the U.S. this season—a 3:59.6, the fastest ever on a 12-lap track. Competing in the varsity division, JOHN LAWSON won both the mile (4:04.8) and the two-mile (9:08.5) to lead KANSAS to the team championship over Nebraska.

Two world records fell at the Maple Leaf Games in Toronto when WYOMIA TYUS of Tennessee State won the 50-yard dash in 5.6, ⅒ of a second under the old mark, and a Cleveland teen-ager, MADELINE MANNING, took the half-mile in 2:10.2, bettering the old record by ⅘ of a second.

At the All-Eastern Games in Baltimore, Tennessee freshman RICHMOND FLOWERS JR. took the 60-yard high hurdles in 6.9, only ⅒ of a second off the world record, and BILL GAINES, a 17-year-old from Mullica Hill, N.J., missed the world 60-yard-dash record by ⅒ of a second, with a six-second clocking. Seton Hall's HERB GERMANN, who beat Tom Farrell of St. John's at 1,000 yards (2:13.6) the previous night in New York, won the half-mile.

Overseas, indoor world records were broken in separate meets as WENDELL MOTTLEY of Trinidad lowered the 440-yard mark by ⅘ of a second with a 47.3 in a Cosford, England meet, and MICHEL JAZY of France clipped 1.2 seconds off the 1,500-meter record of 3:41.9 (set in Berlin by East Germany's Jurgen May a week earlier) at a meet in Lyon, France.

MILEPOSTS—RESIGNED. BILL REINHART, 69, after the least memorable season (3–18) in his 24 years as head basketball coach of George Washington University. Reinhart, who will remain as baseball coach, compiled a 475–342 basketball record in his 37-year career—13 at Oregon—ranking him fourth among active winning coaches.

TRADED. Philadelphia Phillie slugger and sometime First Baseman DICK STUART, 33, to the New York Mets for three minor-leaguers.

DIED. JAMES D. NORRIS, 59, multimillionaire sports promoter, co-owner of the NHL's Chicago Black Hawks and former head of the defunct International Boxing Club, of a heart ailment, in Chicago.

CREDITS

21, 22—James Drake. 24, 25—Herb Scharfman. 26—Chicago Daily News. 32, 33—Herb Scharfman. 51—AP, Elaine Mayes. 52, 54—Tony Triolo. 56, 57—Walter Iooss Jr. 58—Yves Debraine. 60, 61—James Drake. 64—background photograph, Hy Peskin—inset, Herb Scharfman. 121, Wil Blanche, Hy Peskin. 68—James Drake. 75—David Nicholson, Greensboro News Record. 81—Colegrove, Jerry Fulton, Dick Raphael, Charles Margelot.

FACES IN THE CROWD



STUART ISAAC, 12, an Amherst, N.Y. junior-high-school swimmer, clipped 2 second off the national age-group 50-yard breaststroke record with a 31.6 in an AAU meet in Latham, N.Y. He also won the 50-yard butterfly (30.1) and 100-yard individual medley (1:07.5).



ED WALSH, a Delanco, N.J. plastics manufacturer and two-time national Thistle champion, tried for the 10th time and finally won the midwinter Thistle title on Tampa Bay near St. Petersburg with 2–8–1, 4–1 finishes as his wife, Marge, and daughter, Linda, crewed.



KATHY GIBBONS, a sixth-grader at Catalina School and a member of the Valley of the Sun Track Club in Phoenix, recorded the fastest mile for girls 13 and under when she ran a 5:35.3 in an open AAU meet in her home town after training only a month for the distance.



MARVIN WINKLER, a 6-foot-3 senior forward on Indianapolis' Washington High state champion basketball team, scored 543 points in 20 games to break Oscar Robertson's 10-year-old regular-season city record of 541 points in 21 games. He ended the season with 590 in 22.



BOB QUINN, a 24-year-old Army veteran from Somerville, Mass. who plays forward on Boston State College's hockey team, gained his second straight national scoring title with 71 points on 33 goals and 38 assists and led his team to an undefeated (20–0) season.



LARRY ENGELHARDT, a Manchester, N.H. high school senior, broke two world snowshoeing records at an International meet in Hartford, Conn. when he ran the 100-yard in 12.4 (1.8 seconds under the old mark) and the 220-yard in 30.9 (1.1 seconds off the record).

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NONMAIL

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert's attack on the "nonsport" of skiing (*A No-Snow Slope to Nonsport*, Feb. 21) was especially cute. It has made all of us southern skiers of the Potomac River basin extremely regretful that we find ourselves so badly disillusioned by the apparently phony resorts in our area. After all, wouldn't skiing be much more enjoyable if the lodge temperature were kept at an invigorating 20°? Shouldn't we picket to have all lifts removed, so that the real thrill of spending hours walking up a mountain to keep warm would not be lost? And, as a final measure, shouldn't we sabotage the snowmaking equipment, so that when we are schussing down Mount Charnita in our overalls and lumber jackets we can be sure we're not being duped by homemade snow?

No. A better idea strikes me. We should sell our ski equipment and go home and wait for the summer, so we can try our luck in the Olympic-size swimming pool. Then another nonwriter can come up with another nonarticle about the nonsport of swimming, because it was different when he was a youth at the old swimming hole, or because there are ladders provided for leaving the pool and the filtering system makes artificial water.

JOHN D. O'CONNOR

Emmitsburg, Md.

Sirs:

Put enough nonarticles together and you get a nonmagazine. The ski industry knows the value of bringing the mountain to Mohammed and enabling residents of densely populated areas to enjoy this most thrilling of sports. At Oregon Ridge we are proud of the fact that our ski school, which is under the direction of Siegfried Gerstung, who comes from the Bavarian Alps, has helped to polish the techniques of many Baltimoreans and Washingtonians who have gone on from Oregon Ridge to Vail, Aspen, New England and Europe.

COOPER WALKER

Cockeysville, Md.

Sirs:

With his usual clear eye, Bil Gilbert has put his finger on the essence of "outdoor recreation." It is something sought, not for itself, but for the trappings that go along with it—the suntan, the color slides, the ski clothes and the telling-about-it. And herein may lie the key to the Great Society's problem of meeting the increased demand for outdoor recreation. Since it is the illusion we seek, all we need to do is find out how people perceive their outdoor experiences, and then design the outdoors and the trophies to fit their perceptions. Disneylands with mechanical wild animals, a Niagara Falls that can be turned off for remodeling and rehabilitation, artificial snow, hatchery trout, game preserves—all these elements of non-nature can easily be provided in less space and with less expense than the real thing (which may never have existed anyway).

And for those nuts who don't want trophies—the rest of the great outdoors can be left untouched.

FRANCIS T. CHRISTY JR.

Chevy Chase, Md.

EAST VS. WEST

Sirs:

We thoroughly enjoyed Hugh Whall's article on our Congressional Cup races (*Legislative Status for a Victory at Sea*, Feb. 21). We are amazed, however, that in a few short days with us Hugh could so completely unmask us West Coasters. We smugly assumed that our glee at defeating our talented eastern cousins from the ice-and-snow belt had been successfully hidden behind the posture of gracious hosts. It is entirely possible that when our Congressional Cup champion arrives on the East Coast with *Columbia* for the 1967 America's Cup races other eastern skippers may feel the impact of Jerry Driscoll's magical underwear.

GEORGE R. ORR JR.

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

It seems a shame to me, an East Coast sailor, that your magazine should have us believe that the feelings of East and West yachtsmen toward each other are those of contempt and jealousy.

I gather from such undocumented phrases as "haughty East," "stuck-up East," and "put-down East" that you would have us believe the East has not earned its right to represent the country in the America's Cup and other international events. I feel I represent many East Coast sailors when I say that our opinion of western sailors is one of high esteem and much respect. If there is any jealousy, it is only of the fine sailing opportunities available in the West all year round.

ELLIOTT B. OLDAK

Port Washington, N.Y.

Sirs:

As this is Sunday, I must be careful of what I say but, having sailed for more than 60 years, possibly I may be entitled to answer Hugh Whall's yarn about East Coast sailing vs. West Coast. New York state alone, with its 8,000 lakes, Lake Ontario and the Atlantic Ocean, has more sailboats than the entire West Coast. And I might add that the East Coast doesn't need the U.S. Congress to back us up. I have sailed from here to the Philippines and, thank God, the waters that I have tumbled into along this coast were warm and didn't have that awful congealed feeling of those that sweep the West.

Let the boys out there get up a boat that can beat one from thisaway. That is good for the sport, of course, but tell Mr. Whall to travel up to the Thousand Islands, and on a nice summer day he can practically walk across to Canada from deck to deck!

MARION BARRY

Pittsford, N.Y.

UP THE IRISH

Sirs:

Artist Arnold Roth's shillelagh work and the awe of Robert Boyle between them produced a delightful piece about a delightful animal, the Irish wolfhound (*The Biggest Dog of All*, Feb. 14). Yet for the sake of peace I would point out that we still have a few little old wolfhounds of our own here in Ireland—tucked away in caves, in castles and on islands in lakes.

Our wolfhound, Cormac, here at Bunratty Castle, is Irish and cannot be classified as one of the 500 remaining wolfhounds in the U.S. or one of the 500 in Great Britain. Cormac is worried enough about his past as it is and can't make up his mind whether Finn MacCool was an Englishman who came over with Cromwell, or Wrong Way Corrigan. And as for the dogs from Ireland being of "inferior stock," Cormac swears this is a hard country for a wolfhound to live in, and he'll bay that from the battlements.

CONOR P. O'BRIEN

Bunratty, Ireland

DEAR GEORGE

Sirs:

Re your February 21 SCORECARD item entitled "Dear John Letter," concerning my attempt to get Loyola Coach George Ireland to answer my oft-written request that he agree to play my Southern Illinois University team in basketball, I would like to point out that it was a news-service reporter who wrote the story that mistakenly gave Coach Ireland the first name of John. A hometown Chicago sportswriter then picked up the slip and attributed it to me.

Since I have known George Ireland for some years, I can assure you that my letters to him have always been addressed correctly.

JACK HARTMAN

Carbondale, Ill.

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19TH HOLE

WEST COAST SYNDROME

Sirs:

Your article on Easterner Tom Farrell (*A Miniature Snell*, Jan. 24) and your comments on his low rating two years ago because of his "unremarkable" 1:52 half-miles point out an interesting phenomenon that I call the West Coast syndrome.

The symptoms of this condition are 1) complete and total reliance by Westerners on stopwatches, 2) a chauvinistic regard for their own high school marvels and 3) an ignorance of the less than perfect weather and track conditions existing in areas outside the West Coast.

Fortunately, these western track experts risk no money or else they would have dropped a bundle in recent years. As you noted, the last three top Olympians—Tom Courtney, 1956 (Fordham), Tom Murphy, 1960 (Manhattan) and Farrell, 1964 (St. John's)—plus the 1965 U.S.-U.S.S.R. winner, George Germann (Seton Hall), were all from the metropolitan New York area.

Our track wizards evidently need the advice of a good horseplayer to handicap eastern tracks and eastern weather. Until such a Green Sheet comes out, we can expect our Tommy Farrells and our many other excellent eastern half-milers to be far down in the national rankings—at least until the next Olympics.

GEORGE A. SULLIVAN, M.D.
Red Bank, N.J.

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY

Sirs:

Because of the great influence of your magazine, I thought that the readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED might like to know of a signal honor accorded the American broad jumper, Miss Willye White. Miss White has been chosen in Paris to receive the Fair Play Award. Her selection as recipient of this honor was based on wide balloting of members of the AIPS (Association Internationale de la Presse Sportive), following a strong recommendation from the British Sports Writers' Association.

It was Miss White's appeal to the judges at the American indoor championships last year that allowed Britain's Mary Rand to compete in the broad jump (after confusion over the takeoff stripes had caused her to fail to qualify) and, eventually, win the title from Miss White.

By the deed, I suggest that Willye White of the city of Chicago has done more to bolster the reputation of American sport than any number of football, basketball or baseball players. Both in London and Paris she is the choice of sportswriters.

I hope your fine magazine will give this charming athlete her due.

NEIL ALLEN
The Times
London

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